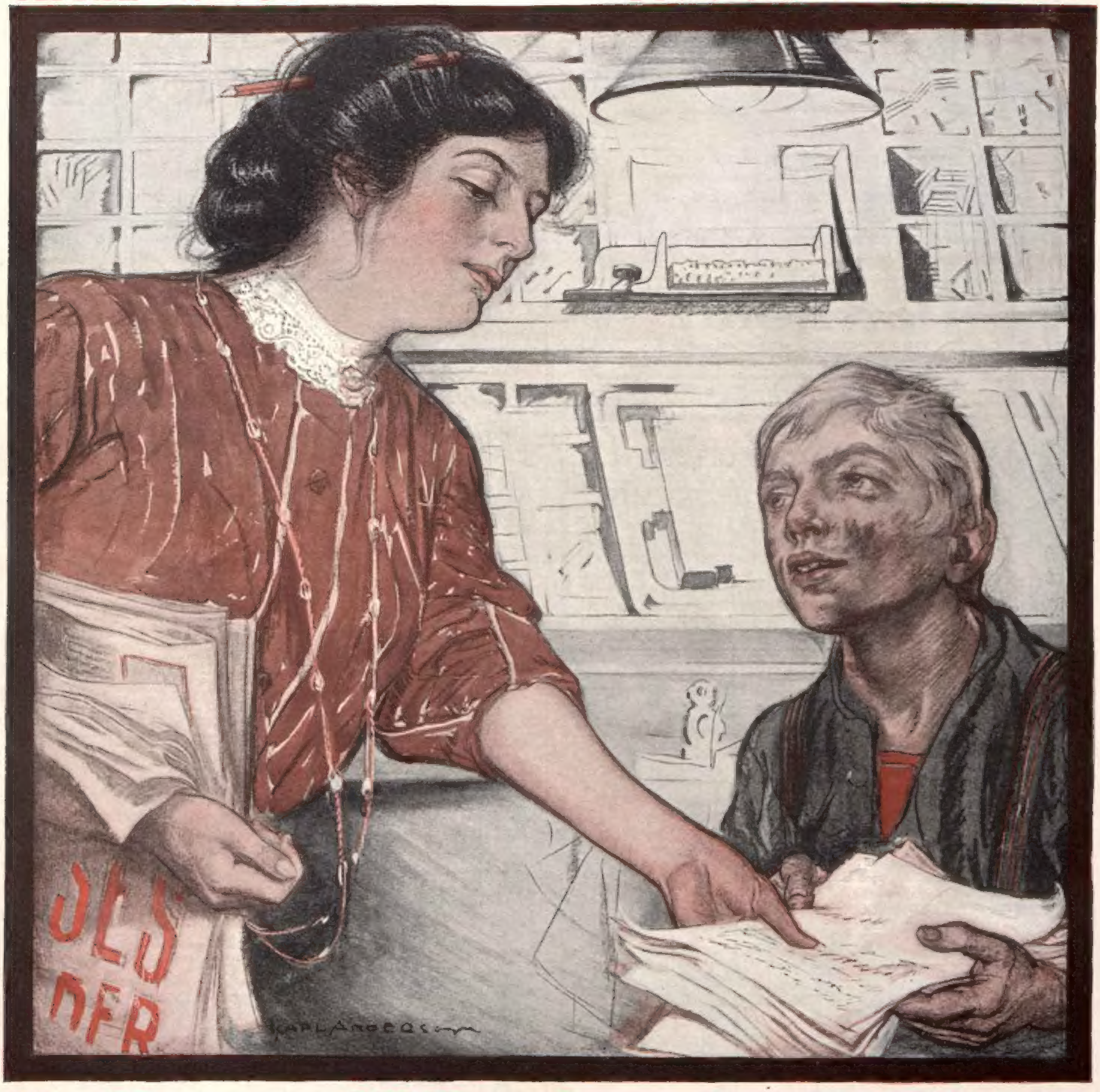
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.º D.¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APRIL 14, 1906

FIVE CENTS THE COPY


OLS
DFR
KARL ANDERSON

# The Humors of Yellow Journalism

By a Reformed Yellow Journalist

# Pettijohn Says:–

The food that attends to its own business leaves you to attend to yours

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You can't be of much use to yourself or anybody else if your mind is in your stomach.

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Give yourself a square deal—choose the food that builds—

## Pettijohn

ALL WHEAT GOOD TO EAT

P.S.—Pettijohn is the wheat, the whole wheat, and nothing but the wheat.

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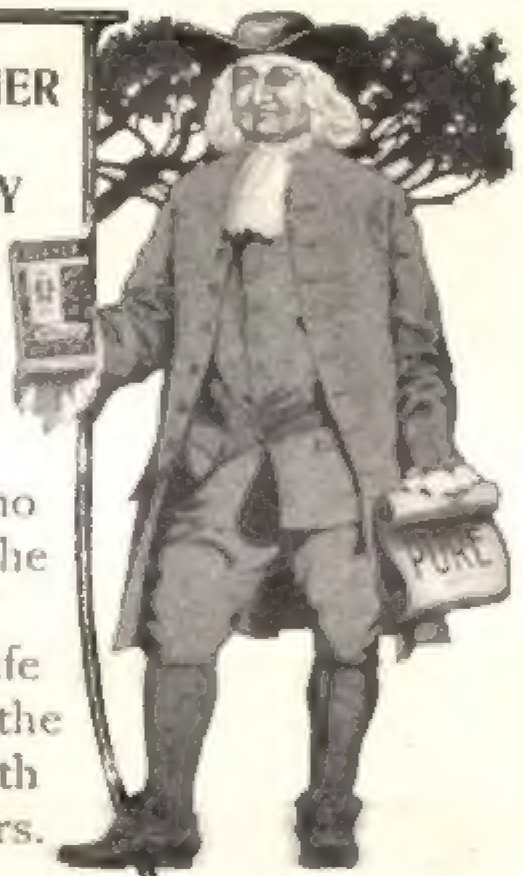
THE FATHER of his COUNTRY and the FRIEND of his COUNTRY



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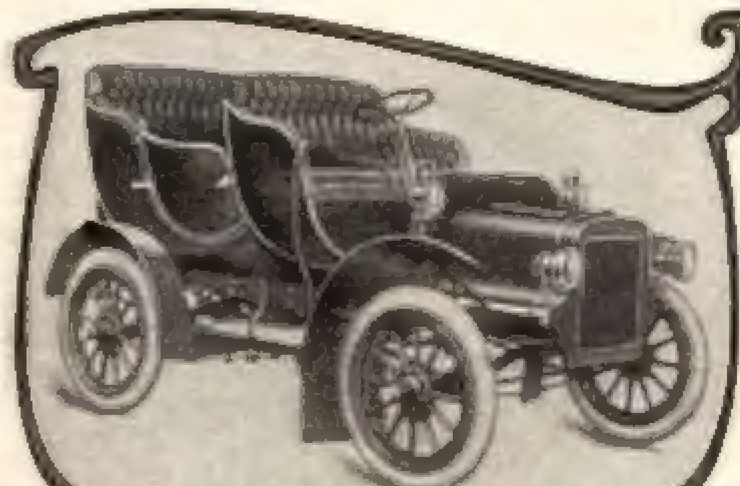

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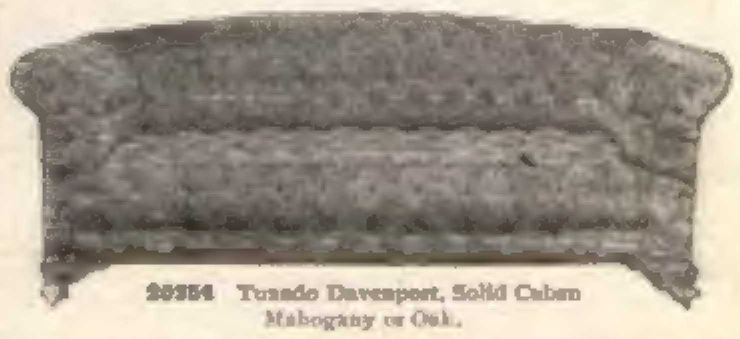

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1906, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain. Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

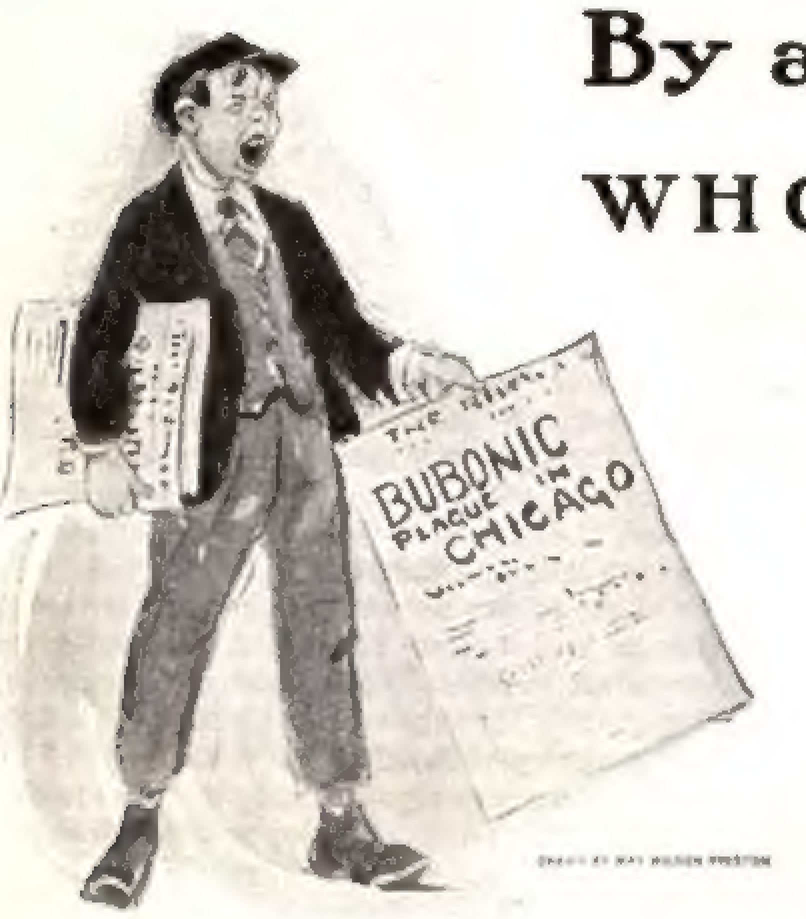
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 178 PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 14, 1906 Number 42

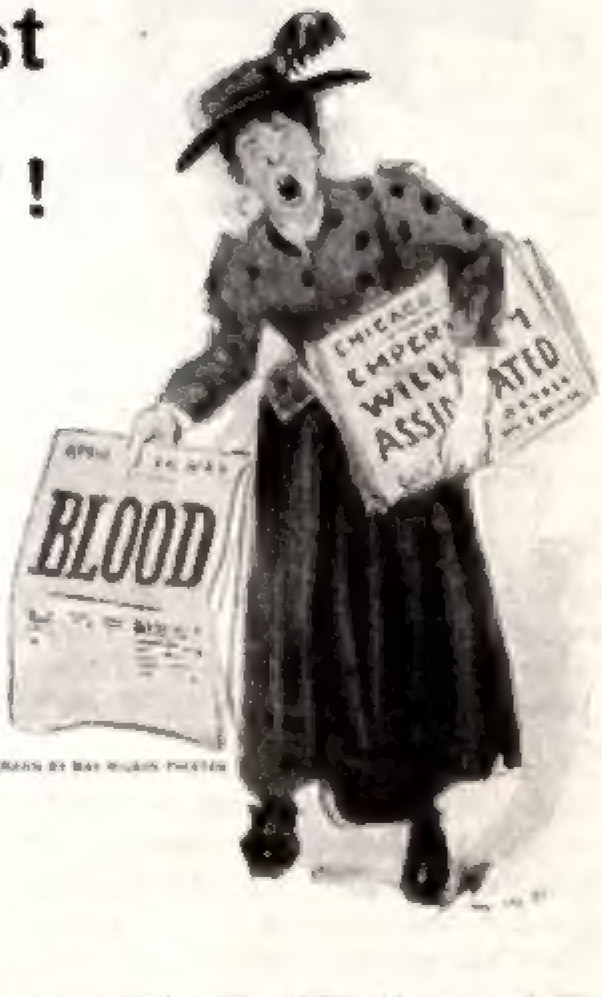
# Humors of Yellow Journalism

## By a Reformed Yellow Journalist

### WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP!



DRAWN BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



YELLOW journalism's essence is to try to do what can't be done. This simple task, set to each yellow editor by each yellow chief and handed along to each yellow reporter and writer by each yellow editor, brought about the amazing season of newspaper hysteria that was at its height a few years ago and has now subsided to near-sanity—except in a few conspicuous spots. Yellow journalism never represented anything but the externals of the real journalism of the country, which needs no defense and no apology. It was the motley, put on by nervous publishers because they saw other publishers getting apparent returns from the practice.

Publishing newspapers is like any other business. If one kind of a play makes a hit nearly every other manager puts on the same kind of a play. If a farmer gets some money for raising sugar beets, every other farmer in that section raises sugar beets. Yellow journalism was originated, in its later-day form, in New York, by a few born sensationalists, who would have been equally sensational if they had been preachers or lawyers or actors, or in any other line of work. Its practices were adopted in other parts of the country. It reached the padded-cell stage and then began to decline to something resembling tranquillity.

One great reason for the swinging back from emotionalism to conservatism was because the yellow editors had exhausted their resources as well as disgusted their public. They had played out the string. They had interviewed popes and kings, had had signed statements from almost every human being of any importance; had used the courts, so far as possible, to help the dear people get their rights; had tried to use Congress—and had succeeded a few times—in their crusades; had exploited all the freaks, abnormalities, curiosities and deformities; had told about the buried cities of previous civilizations; had restored every prehistoric monster. There was nothing left to do but go back to printing the news and to see that that news was as well and attractively written as possible. There were other reasons—powerful ones—that hastened sanity, but those reasons need not be discussed here.

The whole theory of the game, as played by the yellow editors, was concretely expressed by one of the ablest of the cult. A reporter was protesting that an assignment was impossible.

"Of course it's impossible," said the editor. "That's why I want it done. Suppose I give you one hundred impossible assignments and you fail on ninety-nine of them, but get the hundredth. Then see what you've got."

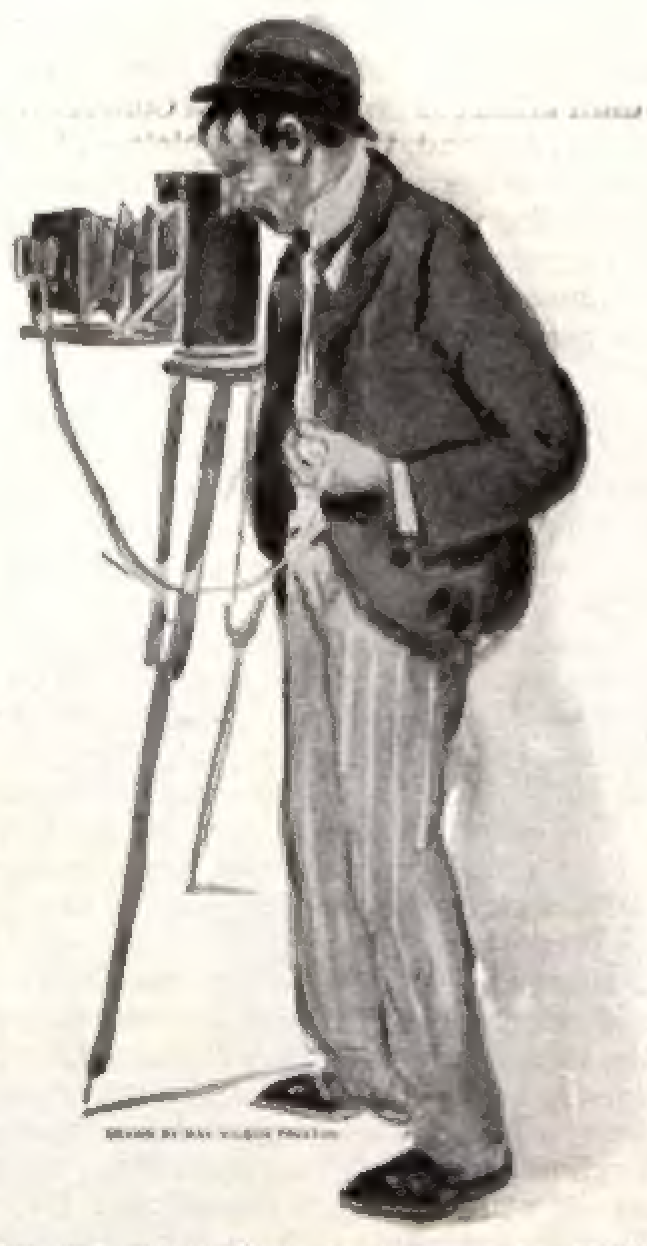
That is fine talk. Every lecturer on "How to Succeed" since Socrates has pointed out that the way to get along is to do what nobody else can do. Every adventurer in the field of high emprise has had that for his motto. The trouble with the yellow editors was that they confounded "fantastic" with "impossible." They ran a side-show with Circassian beauties and snake-charmers, but they never did get their exhibition under the main tent.

Along about Spanish War times were the halcyon days. Then the yellow editors were revolving at highest speed, giving off sparks that illuminated Park Row from Andy Horn's to the Book Store and Broadway from the Dodge statue to the blinking owls. The yellow game had been growing until 1898. Freaks and features were nearly at the limit. The starving reconcentrados had been pictured time and again in their skeletonized woe. "Cuba MUST be free!" But the Spaniards hung on. Then the Maine was blown up or blew up—(take your choice)—WHOOP! —away they went. There wasn't a responsible editor in New York who had been at work when the nation was at war before. It was all new. "B-l-o-o-d!" they shouted, and emphasized their shouts with red ink and foot-high type.

They got their war. It was only a little war, as the President points out, but it was big enough, for, in addition to their war, the newspapers got expense-bills that made auditors faint and caused managing editors to shed bitter, bitter tears. What the proprietors said and did can only be guessed. No paper came out of the war with any added reputation or prestige. No war correspondent got anything but malaria. And, mark this: next time there is a chance for a clash between this Government and another you will observe a large number of newspapers that clamored for carnage in 1898 advocating, with double leads and sombre conservatism, a policy of conciliation and peace. No more war for the newspapers. It is too expensive. Did you notice how few newspaper commissioners went from this country to the Russian-Japanese War?

Still, that is merely an incident. The decline came after the war. It has been gradual, but effective. The yellow journalism of the old days is now practically confined to one series of publications, and they are not so freaky as they were. Seven-column headlines are used, in most papers, only in the rarest instances. In the old days if a driver fell off a truck it took a seven-column headline to call the attention of the reader to the harrowing and disjointed details spread below.

Real yellow journalism, in its later-day development, began with certain sections of the Sunday newspapers—Sunday magazines, they call them. These, formerly, were collections of special articles, not news, but with a news value, written by members of the staff, modestly illustrated and intended to interest, entertain and, perhaps, instruct the reader. Then a young man appeared and took charge of a New York Sunday paper's magazine section. He was a sensationalist, a genius at excitement. First off, he began "playing up" Bible stories. He spread them over his pages with line drawings and big headlines. Everybody took notice. The stories were new to most readers, it may be. He branched out and into ruined cities, to cave-dwellers, to extinct monsters, to the biggest, the littlest, the newest, the oldest things in the world, the loves of kings and queens, the doings of nobility, the gossip and scandal of millionaires and society people, the pictures of beautiful women—especially actresses; the cost—always the cost—of everything reduced to the price of ham sandwiches, so that the dullest might comprehend—and not forgetting the shockers: the weird, the uncanny. If a hen laid a couple of snakes it was worth a page. He introduced a disjointed and exclamatory style of writing for the profuse use of words in capital letters. He dealt in hyperbole wholesale. He gave this stuff a present-day flavor, a local flavor if possible.


He Can Get a Picture in a Second that Will Make the Subject Swear at Newspapers All the Rest of His Life

The daily papers thought it was good and took a hand. Everything that was abnormal was worth display. It was a rapid evolution from the prosaic occupation of telling what actually had happened. What might happen was the thing. The papers ceased to be chroniclers of events and became prophets with imaginative frills. In a few years yellow journalism was at its apogee.

If some wise legislature had passed a law limiting all newspaper headlines to two columns in width there would have been no yellow journalism. Without the headlines it is nothing. The hypnotism of type is the same as the hypnotism of beef. Anything that is big attracts. So the headlines grew from one column to two, to the width of the page, to the depth of the page, to the whole page itself. On the day Congress declared war on Spain, two New York papers had nothing on their first pages but the three letters "W—A—R!" one in red and one in black. Of course, the necessities of quick editions and prepared plates had something to do with that, but the editors wanted the display. Then they were at the end. They could go no further. A two-page headline is possible in the middle of the paper, but display in the middle is of no consequence. The best goods must be in the front window, which is the first page.

The type contortions produced by these make-up artists in the palmy days were marvelous. There was that wizard of sensationalism in Chicago, who put out a paper one day with the first page blurred with this hair-raising announcement:

BUBONIC PLAGUE IN CHICAGO

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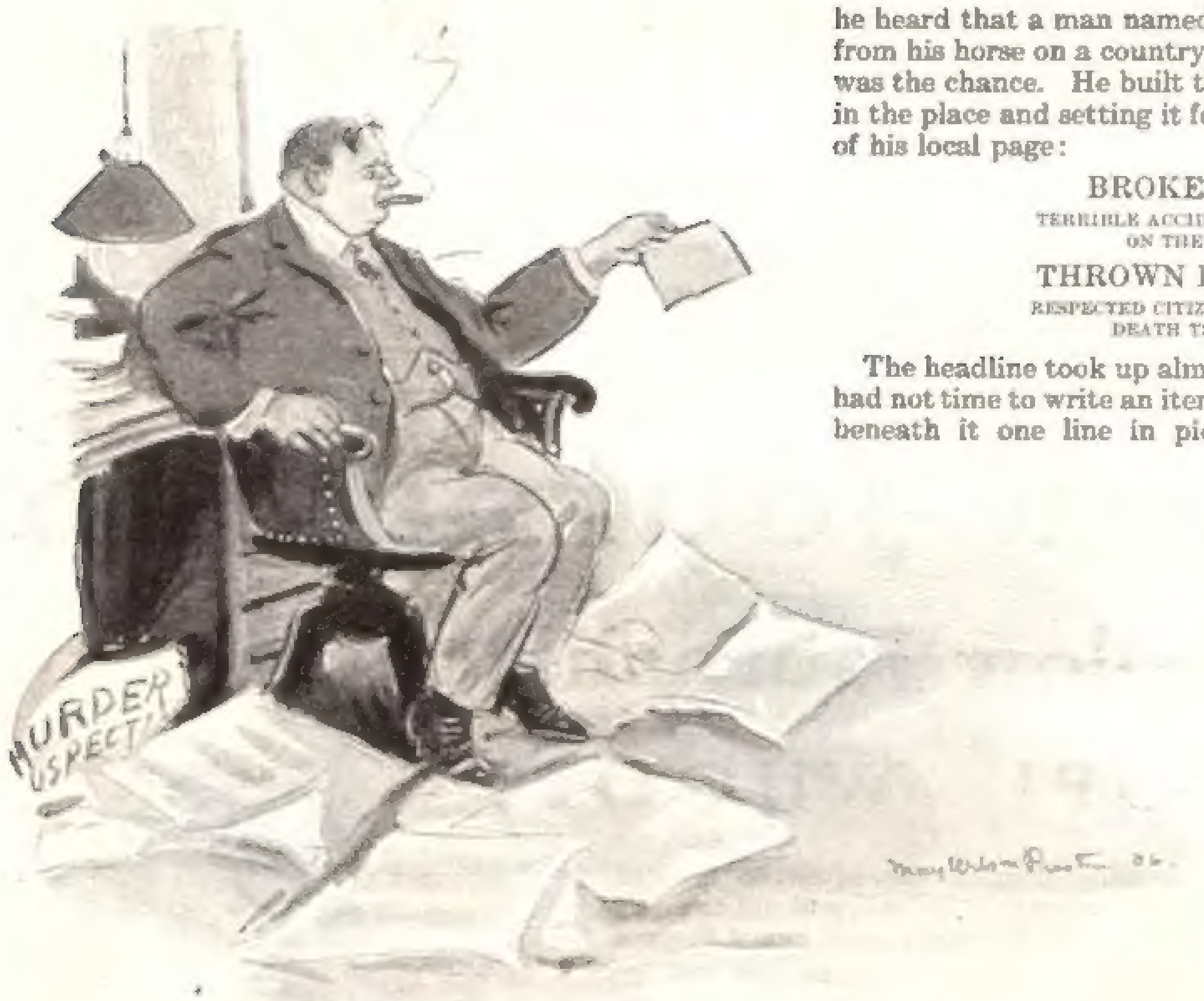
Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles.



An Editor of an Afternoon Paper had an Inspiration

You could see that for a block when a newsboy held it up. It was at a time when there were reports that the plague was being brought in from the Philippines. Chicago folks, fearing a visitation of the loathsome disease, bought the papers excitedly. When they got them they found the complete head read:

BUBONIC PLAGUE IN CHICAGO
NO DANGER OF IT HEALTH AUTHORITIES SAY

The "no danger" part of it was unobtrusive and shrinking, set in small, neat and not gaudy type.

Then there was the student of effect who produced this, one dull afternoon when a crank threw a stone in the direction of the Emperor William:

EMPEROR WILLIAM
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
ASSASSINATED
IF HE HAD BEEN HIT

The "might have been" and "if he had been hit" were barely discernible.

Everything that could be done with type in a page-width was done. They twisted it into fantastic shapes. The sole idea was to sell papers, and it sold them. Of late, the cry of "Extry!" that used to send people scurrying to the sidewalks to get a paper and find out what had happened does not excite the slightest interest now. The yellows put the assassination of the President on the level with a Brooklyn Bridge crush, so far as the headlines go.

In the fierce competition they resorted to red and blue ink. They call it yellow journalism, but, in reality, it is red journalism, for red sticks out on a newspaper page and yellow is but a sickly color at best. At the time of the Guldensuppe murder, which happened at the most hysterical period of yellowness, there were headline convulsions that made everybody but the deadly-in-earnest editors laugh. Guldensuppe was a Turkish bath-rubber who, it was charged, was cut to pieces by a woman, assisted by a man. They hacked off his head and dismembered him and did a lot of unkind things to him, and the newspapers reveled in it, inasmuch as various parts of the body were found in various parts of New York.

An editor of an afternoon paper had an inspiration. He printed a "Blood!" headline in red ink. Not to be outdone, the editor of a rival paper stretched white space up the middle of his paper's first page and on that space daubed a series of red splotches which, it was announced, were the "bloody footprints" of somebody. That was a masterstroke. The editor of the rival paper cried because he did not think of it first.

The headline mania ran for several years. It was a bitter war. Papers in all parts of the country began displaying the most trivial items of news, especially crimes, with great sprawling captions that had no particular reference to the text. A favorite top-line was "P-L-O-T!" It took about four letters for a top line of the biggest usable type. They could discover a plot in anything from a meeting of an Italian society in the back room of a saloon to the finding of a broken bottle in a garbage barrel.

It got to the smaller papers. There was an editor of a weekly out in Ohio who became infected. He thought he must make his paper like most of the rest. He waited for his opportunity, and it came. One morning, just before he was going to press with his edition of twelve hundred copies, he heard that a man named John Burns had been thrown from his horse on a country road near by and killed. Here was the chance. He built this head, using all the job type in the place and setting it four columns wide in the middle of his local page:

BROKE HIS NECK
TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO JOHN BURNS
ON THE MILL ROAD
THROWN FROM HORSE
RESPECTED CITIZEN MEETS UNTIMELY
DEATH THIS MORNING

The headline took up almost all of the page. The editor had not time to write an item to go with the head, so he put beneath it one line in pica, reading: "Our reporter is informed that the above happened this morning."

That was all there was to it, and that is about all there was to the usual story beneath one of these staring captions. The headline was the thing. If it was accomplished satisfactorily, the mere detail of what was told about in the head was of no consequence.

Up the State in New York there was, for many years, a staid, conservative, respectable organ of the old-fashioned Democrats. It always printed the telegraph news on the first page, under modest headlines, usually putting the proceedings of Congress in the first column, no matter what else had happened. It was high-toned editorially and read by all the best families. Notwithstanding its respectability and great moral purposes, its circulation lagged, for, one must admit, it was deadly dull. Other and livelier papers took away its field, bit by bit, and, finally, the man who owned it decided something must be done.

He met a young man with ideas and ambitions. This young man had studied yellow journalism under the two great geniuses of the cult. He was quite certain he could rejuvenate and reorganize the paper and make it a great, popular and powerful newspaper. He had been through the yellow mill, had sat at the feet of the masters and he knew the value of display. The owner, after long consideration, hired him and he took hold.

Just at the time he took charge a man in a small town a few miles away poisoned his wife with prussic acid. Here was a chance for an earnest young journalistic upbuilder. On the morning before he took charge the paper came out with its usual conservative first page. The staid business men found it at their breakfast-tables and read it with satisfaction. This was one paper, at least, that remained true to the older principles of journalism and upheld the standards. Quite so. Next day the young man went to his new task. He cast about for something with which to make a sensation. The murder! That was it. Everybody was talking about it.

The body of the wife had been exhumed. There was a chemical analysis in progress. Next morning, when the staid business men took up their favorite paper at breakfast, they didn't find the proceedings of Congress on the first page. Not so. Instead, there was a picture, four columns wide and almost as deep as the page, that showed the chemist jauntily stirring up in a glass jar, with a glass rod, what was left of the woman—and the contents of the jar were shown, with masterly skill, by the artist.

It was a perfect yellow proposition, but wow! wow! what a row it made in that city. They didn't appreciate it there. All that day the amazed owner of the paper stood in his counting-room and watched an indignant procession of first citizens coming in to "stop their papers," each one of whom had something pleasant to say to the proprietor, generally in the way of an expression of pained surprise that so dignified a journal should have been put to such base uses. The processions of paper-stoppers never did end, and the paper was sold to another publisher, with a different sort of a public, in a short time. That city, it seems, was not ripe at that time for the newer journalism.

The tools with which the yellow editor works are always the same. The essentials do not vary and are not many in number. First of all is sensational news, real or manufactured. That gives the greatest play to fancy and the greatest opportunity for "freaking." Then come pictures, diagrams with crosses showing where the bloody deed was done, signed statements, crusades and campaigns for the dear people, the proletariat, "the downtrod." These are the basis for the entire game. The variations are infinite, but, in the last analysis, these items furnish the start.

To give yellow journalists due credit, they are generally clean—that is, while they are sensational they are not nasty. They do not allow filth to get into their papers. They strive to shock and amaze, but they are decent about it.

It is an axiom that the more important the person the more important the news. That is a legitimate proposition. A king, or a duke, or a duchess, or a millionaire, or a "society leader," is of more news value than one of the common people—unless there is a crusade on for the "uplifting" of those common people, who, generally, do not want to be "raised." The yellow editor dearly loves a title. He will print yards of the most trivial gossip about a man with a coronet. He, also, dotes on "high society people." Ward McAllister's designation of "the Four Hundred" is responsible for more acres of newspaper slush and guff than any one other thing.

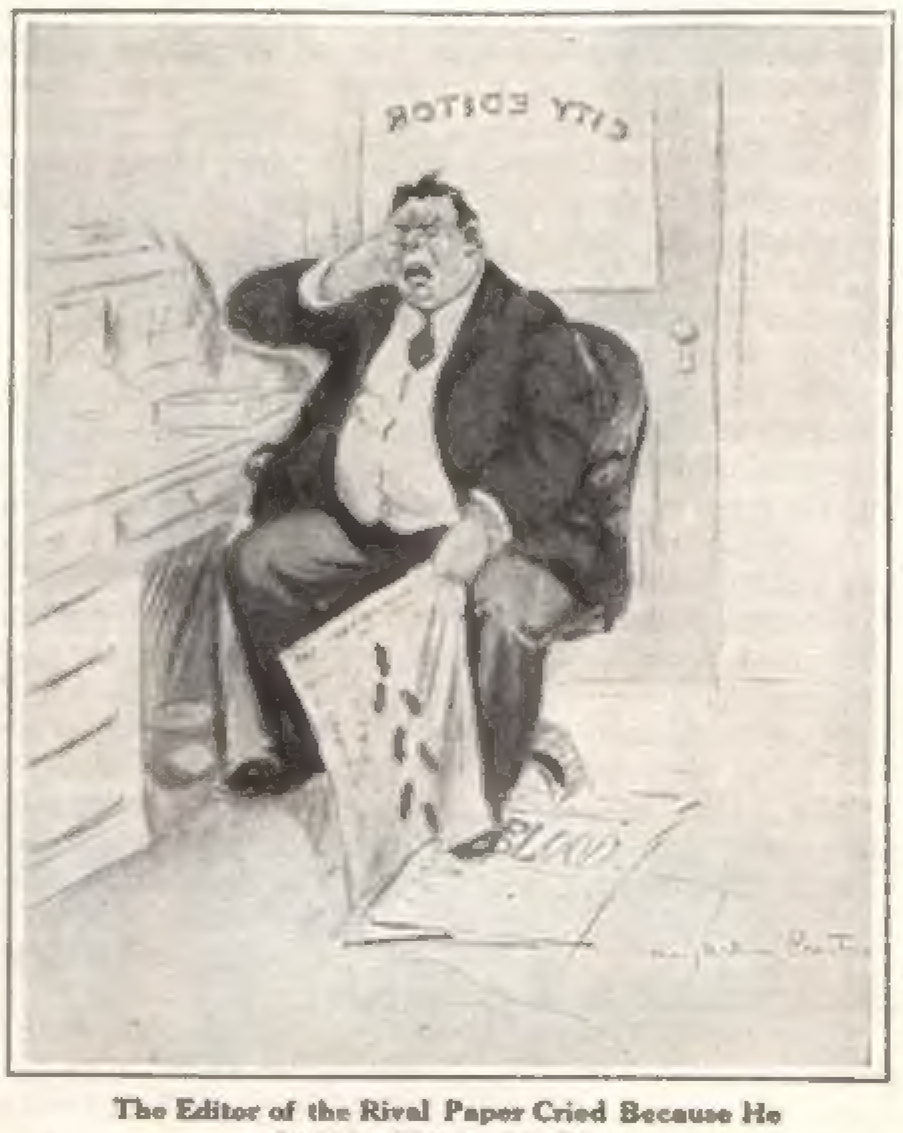
Money is good. It always adds to the story. It is much more interesting to read about an ugly heiress than a woman without a cent to her name, no matter how beautiful she may be. Then there is the always-available millionaire. He is luscious fruit. You can do anything with him, from figuring out how many hard-boiled eggs he could buy with his income to calculating how high his fortune would reach if it were changed into silver dollars and piled up alongside the Park Row Building. Twenty years ago a man from the West went to New York and started a monthly paper called The American Millionaire. He had been saving his salary for years to carry out his plan, which was to print nothing except items and information about millionaires. He failed. The reason was that he was ahead of the times. He had a good yellow idea, but the yellow interest had not been developed. Millionaires were not so common then, either, but that is neither here nor there. When the subject of millionaires got tame for the yellows they could always construct "The American Billionaire" and compare his fortune to those of the money kings of ancient times.

A murder with a woman in it is great. That is what made the Molineux case, the Kennedy case, the Guldensuppe case, and, not so very long ago, the Nan Patterson case, like manna from the skies, to say nothing of the long string of similar trials since and before the Guldensuppe days. That New Haven affair, so recently exploited in the papers, had no "heart interest." It did not get anywhere, although some of the editors strove valiantly with it for weeks. A bloody murder with a woman mysteriously in it made the yellow editors hit a terrific pace. An elopement was good, and so was a breach-of-promise case, especially if it contained some fool letters.

There must always be pictures. A story without pictures is no story at all. In the old days there were sketch artists who made good pictures. Now the sketch artists are forced behind the photographers. They are used only when no photographs—real or bogus—are obtainable. Then the sketch artist draws a picture of the scene or person "from a telegraphic description." The newspaper photographer is king. He rushes about with his camera and gets pictures of everybody and everything. He can get a picture in a second that will make the subject swear at newspapers all the rest of his life. Newspaper photography has developed a breed of men without fear and with the most amazing gall of any class of men employed at any occupation whatsoever. They go anywhere.

Not so long ago a group of them tried to photograph one of the Vanderbilts. He raised his cane to break a camera or a head. The photographers got him with the uplifted stick and a fine scowl on his face. Perhaps they put a few high lights into the scowl on the plate, but the picture was a fearsome thing when it was printed and made this particular Vanderbilt wonder what good his money is to him.

(Concluded on Page 24)



The Editor of the Rival Paper Cried Because He Did Not Think of it First

# THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

## Human Documents in the Case of the New Slavery

## BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

THERE is no more strictly characteristic manufacturing centre than Alabama City. It would be superfluous to mention on what railroad this great "plant" lies, for the trains which reach it are almost wholly freight trains that lumber through the village at unearthly hours, importing the raw cotton and transporting the manufactured product of the factory, with only occasionally a passenger "local," which bumps along over the hard worn bed of the Birmingham, Calera or Gadsden lines.

Any one who has visited a mill town knows the deserted aspect of its streets during the daytime. Had it not been for the roar of the engines which throbbed on as the pulse continues to beat, in unconsciousness, I might have supposed Alabama City to be a village whence all life had suddenly fled. The only person in sight, when I alighted from the "local," was a small, tow-headed girl swinging on the gate of a neat little one-story mansion near the station.

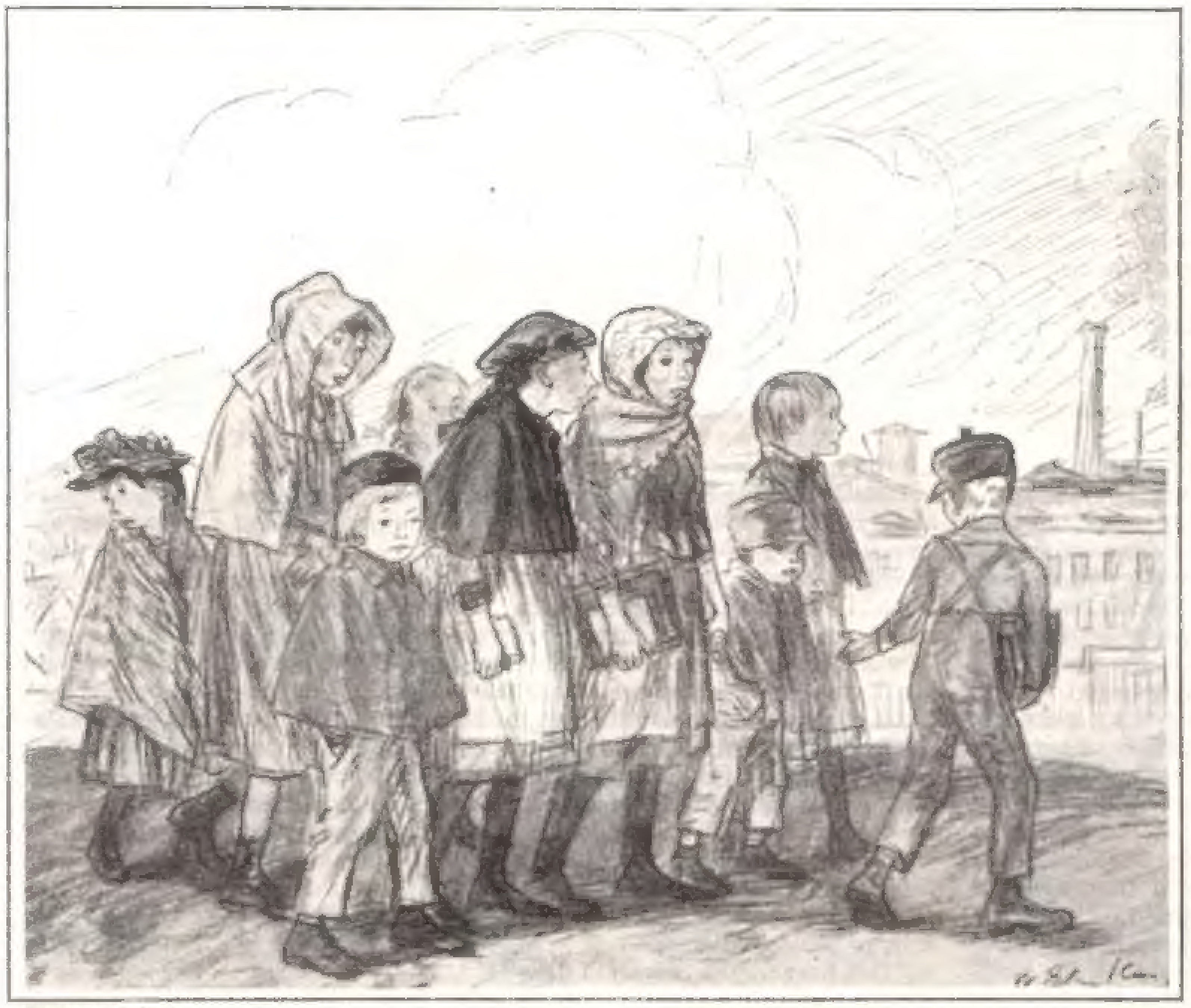
"Hello!" I called to her; "aren't you going to school?"

She shook her blond head vigorously.

"No, meaum."

"Why not? It's time."

"My mamma don't *want* me to go to school." With this she scampered into the house, eager no doubt to recover the presence of so ideal a parent.



DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

A Straggling Procession of Little Girls and Boys with Slates and Books Under Their Arms

Proceeding farther into the village along the railroad ties which form the principal avenue, I perceived a straggling procession of little girls and little boys with slates and books under their arms, swinging along in the direction—doubtless—of the school.

Waiting for an introduction in a mill town would be as hopeless as to wait presentation to one's vis-à-vis in some English drawing-rooms. The very rich and the very poor classes have at least their simplicity in common. The English *grande dame* supposes her presence in the midst of her guests a sufficient introduction; and so it is with the poor, except that the hostess in their case is necessity, need—the imperative need for making a living. Nothing else but such need could explain the presence of a stranger in such a town as Alabama City. And poverty having invited you thither, you are welcomed into the fraternity who have already arrived.

I joined a small girl in a sloppy frock, her hair done up in wiry pigtails with no hat to cover them, and, as a finishing touch to her get-up, black stockings, which I took at first to be polka-dotted, so numerous were the holes scattered over them. She was about seven.

"Going to school?" I asked.

"Yes, meaum."

"Do you know," I pursued, walking along with her, "who lives in those houses?" I pointed to a row of pretty cottages, the neat and alluring appearance of which led me to doubt that they were the houses of the laborers. My informant nodded toward one of the houses—both of her arms were full of books—and said:

"Victoria Stuart lives in this-a-one." And then, with the *blasé* tone of a woman of the world, she added: "That is, she was Stuart, but she married a Morgan."

This evidence of family pride in a child of seven recalled the classification of these people as "animals."

The mills in this town are among those longest established in Alabama. They run sixty thousand spindles and employ about two thousand hands. The entire village belongs to the corporation, which lets out the stores, the inn—kept for the bachelor "hands"—and the laborers' houses. There is a free library open in the evenings, two churches, a school, a sanitarium, and a large amusement hall. all built at the company's expense. Everything, it would seem, has been done to make the workingman's lot a happy one at Alabama City. Yet thousands of the spindles in the great mill stand idle. Why? Because of the difficulty in getting help. And why is it so difficult to get help? Because the wages paid to "cotton-mill folks" are so low that they live with no hope of ever bettering themselves, and their consequent dejected state of mind keeps them on the go from one place to another, roving perpetually with the excitement of change as the only anodyne for their sufferings. What prisoner would not, if he could, change thus the outlook from his prison's bars?

The school is a bright, cheerful building, with four large rooms where the different classes are graded as best they can be among children the most of whom know more about the hard facts of life than they do about a primer of learning.

Out of the three hundred children whose names are enrolled on the school lists there are nearly one hundred in the lowest-grade class; one hundred and fifty of about the same age in the next grade, and a mere handful of girls—no boys—from thirteen to fifteen, in the upper grade.

What strikes one first in the little barefoot, ragged scholars is their shabbiness, their uncouth appearance, and their vivacity and cheerfulness. They are all eagerness to learn, all willingness to obey; agitated, tempestuous, undisciplined—not an easy handful for the teacher. The system of "liberty" in the matter of education precludes all questions of regularity in school attendance. In the second class, for example, at the mill-school, out of sixty-five children between the ages of seven and eleven, ten had "quit" to go into the mills. On the other hand, there were three or four tall, languid, dull-eyed pupils who sat at the back of the room, half-ashamed, half-stupefied: old mill-hands, the teacher explained to me, who had gone as babies into the service of a machine, the monotonous inflections of which had seemingly stunned the intelligence.

No child attends school more than three winters, and many of them come in for a month or two at a time just to "rest up" from work.

I took from the teacher a list of children who had for some time been truants, purposing to call upon them, obtaining in this way easy access to their homes.

Having planned (as the surest way of gaining entrance to the mill) to accompany the hands when the factory gates were open at 12:30, I bought a bag of peanuts and sat down on the back steps of the store, waiting for the noon bell to strike and trusting that some of the children might come my way.

Presently I saw a little girl such as the picture-books represent Red Riding-Hood to be. The peanuts served as an introduction, and when she had taken a handful and thanked me, she said:

"Did you-all ever work in a mill?"

"Yes, in a knitting-mill."

She sank down beside me, leaning back against the post of the doorsteps. Her face was hardly less white than the knitted woolen "cloud" which covered her head. She had blue eyes, and when she smiled she showed a row of sound, white teeth.

"I sure am tired enough to sit down," she sighed.

"Do you get tired in the mill?" I asked.

"I reckon I do. We live up on the hill yonder, and when I first started to work it didn't seem nights like I ever could get home. Now I don't mind it."

"How long have you been at work?"

"Over a year."

"And how old are you?"

"Eleavun."

"What are the hours in the mill?"

"Abeaout twelve a day, I reckon."

"Twelve?"

"Well," she reflected, as though it were the first time she had given much thought to the matter, "there's the first bell at half-a-past four, that's for ringin' us up, then there's the second bell for breakfast; and they don't give us more than a few minutes to eat before they begin callin' us at twenty minutes to six."

"And you get out at ——?"

"Twenty minutes a-past six."

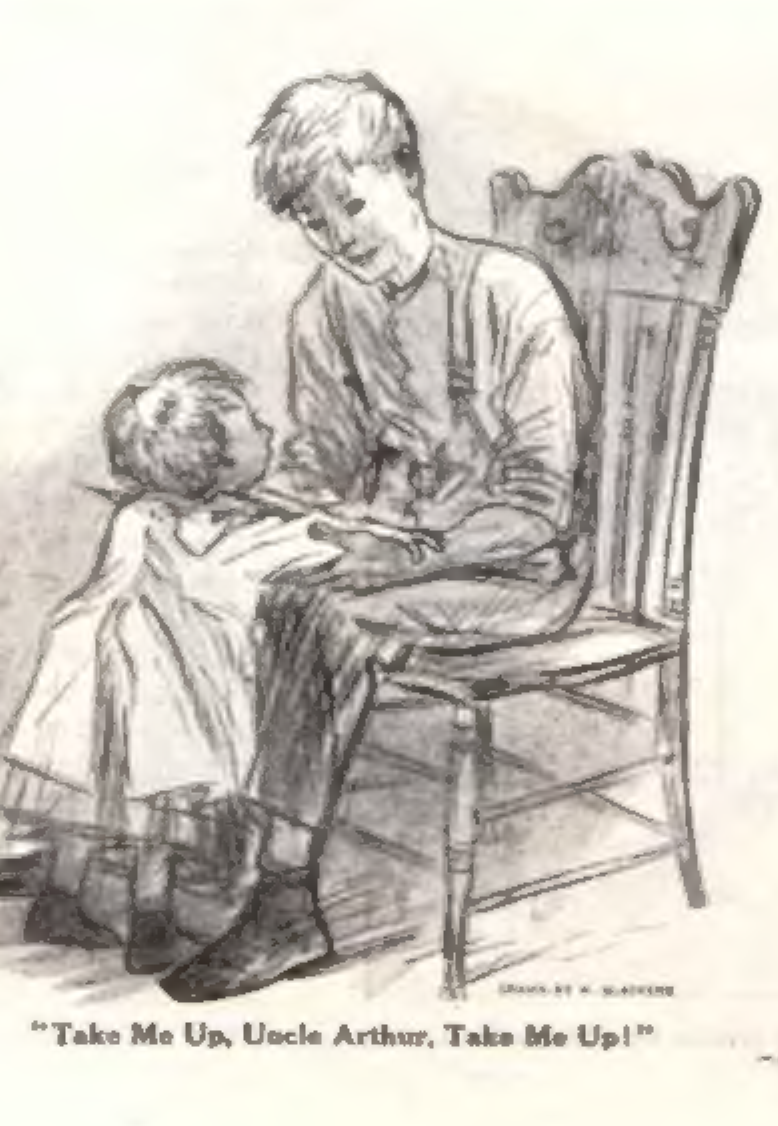
"With only half an hour for lunch? It's rather long, isn't it?"

"I suttinly think it is."

She leaned listlessly against the wooden post, breaking the shells of the peanuts into her little lap, and eating slowly as she talked. She had on a blue gingham frock; across her chest she had pinned with a needle a narrow cloth cape; she wore stockings and shoes in the last stages of dilapidation. Her blond hair hung in a braid beneath the white woolen hood.

"Does your mother chew?" she asked, following her question with: "Lots of the mill folks dip snuff. There," she pointed to a gaunt figure in a cotton wrapper, dragging along the railroad track, "that's the kind that chews"—and she punctuated this statement with a little shiver of disgust.

"There's piles o' little children in the mill," she went on, "teaun and eleavun years old. Some of 'em only do make teaun cents a day."



DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

"Take Me Up, Uncle Arthur, Take Me Up!"

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Editor's Note—This is the second of the series of articles on child labor in the South and North.

Her voice had assumed the communicative tone of a gossipy confidence. "You see, the little girl that was in the cloth room before me kept throwin' in the threads. The boss spoke to her twice, and so she said to him: 'If you don't like my work, I reckon I won't stay.' So then they came after me."

Rapidly my mind evoked the images of other children I know who are eleven—how like an elderly woman she seemed by comparison with them, this little pale, cheerful laborer, with her sense of justice, her experience, her importance as a "hand," her resignation to a life of nothing but toil.

"Do you know," she went on, "a little boy deown at the mills told me they wuz goin' to fix it all over the United States so's nobody couldn't work more'n teaun heours a day." Her eyes rested a moment on mine, and then she added: "I don't know if it's true, but I sure do hope it is."

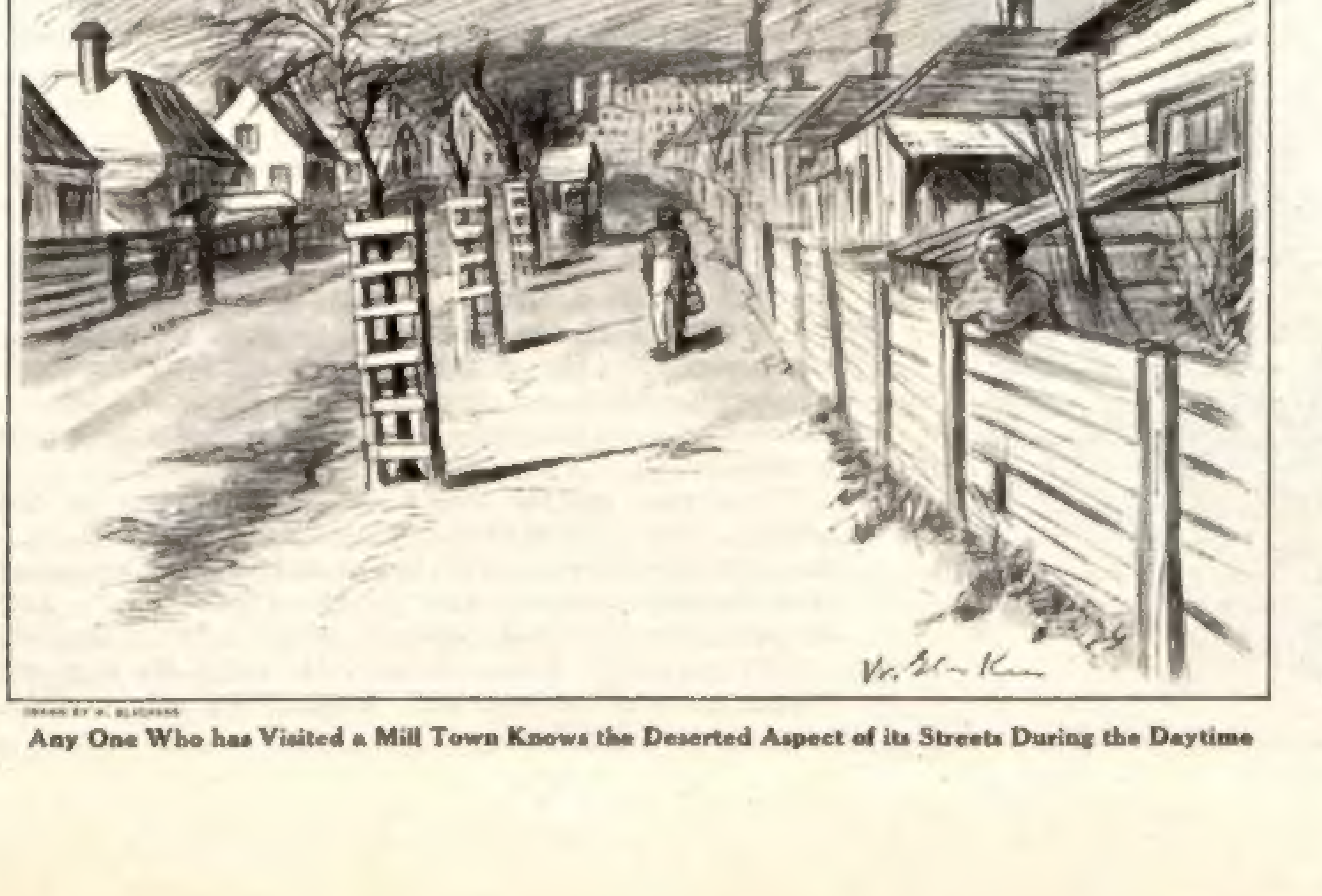
Chatting, as women do, more freely while they have something to nibble at, she had lingered as long as the peanuts lasted. Now she shook the shells from her lap and got up to go. She seemed willing that I should walk with her, so we turned up the road which she had found so hard to climb during the first months of her apprenticeship to toil. As soon as we reached "home" she abandoned me to the hospitality of a mother whose arms are occupied with an active year-old baby, and she began vigorously to sweep the floors and porch.

"We-all," said the mother, "sure do wish Mamie-Bell would rest some, but it don't seem like she could."

Mamie-Bell was the victim, and there are many, not only of greed, but of the ignorance of parents. Her father and brothers made enough to support the family, and, indeed, to put money aside, for the house in which they lived they had built themselves, and they owned it and the ground on which it stood. Though she was dressed in the usual trailing cotton wrapper, and had made apparently no more serious toilet than the twisting of her limp stray locks into a tight coil at the back of her head, the mother preserved a relative neatness; the house was fairly tidy, and obviously it would have been possible to allow Mamie-Bell to go to school. But the social obligations of these parents, who had previously lived always on a farm far from their fellow-beings, took no more definite form than a vague regret that Mamie-Bell didn't "rest more."

To be sure, the founders of the mills at Alabama City have made the village as attractive as possible (given the monotony which any place must present where everybody has about the same income, and that income very small). The little one-story houses occupied by the mill families are built with sloping, irregular roofs, verandas which are more or less screened by vines the company has planted. About each home there is a small bit of ground inclosed with a fence, all of which, together with the fact that no two of the cottages are just alike, gives a pleasing aspect to the town. No law obliges such corporations to provide a schoolhouse and teacher, or a library; and one's first impulse is to feel that here, really, is a mill run almost on philanthropic principles. Alabama City is undoubtedly the most attractive mill town in the South, but the difficulty of procuring operatives and of keeping them is so great that it is a good investment to make the surroundings as alluring as possible, and it is cheaper to offer swimming pools and amusement halls and lodge rooms than it is to raise the wages of two thousand laborers.

When the half-past twelve bell rang the diverse avenues of the little town began to fill with the slow, languid procession dragging along toward the open mill gates. I joined a tall, meagre figure whose cotton dress sagged down over shoes that expressed weariness in their irregular, bulging lines, and, having once penetrated with my companion beyond the austere and forbidding walls of the mills, I was free to make my way into the spinning-room, and to question there as many children as I pleased.



Any One Who has Visited a Mill Town Knows the Deserted Aspect of its Streets During the Daytime

Three things struck me most forcibly: the ghastly appearance of all the hands; the extreme animation and cheerfulness of the little children; the appalling languor of the girls and boys who were fifteen and over.

The girl who volunteered "to show me around" was typical: she had the natural awkwardness of those whose muscles have deteriorated because of poor nourishment. She hitched along, wielding her arms and hands, like so much dead weight, as best she could. Her little face was pale to transparency; a smile, indulgent, resigned, lighted her dim brown eyes, and rested on her faded lips. How old was she? "Most sixteen." And how long had she been at work? "Abeaout eight years."

Down in the "weave-room" my guide was a fair-haired girl of fourteen, whose apprenticeship at "spinnin'" had lasted five years. "It was only when papa died," she explained, "that I had to come to work. Before that I went to school, and I sure did love it." Then she went on: "There's just piles of little ones in here—too little, I think. When the owner used to come through we used to 'run out' those tiniest ones."

"Run out?" I asked.

"Yes; hide 'em in the closets or anywhere, fer fear he'd stop 'em workin'."

In the spinning-room of the newer mill there were fewer small children, but fewer hands also, for here thousands of spindles stood idle.

With a growing desire to know more of these people who were "like animals," I set out now for the addresses given me at the school of children who were habitual truants. It was a warm November day and the doors of the houses for the most part stood open on to the verandas. A strong smell of iodoform was wafted by the breeze outward from the first interior whither I tried to penetrate. In response to my repeated knocks, a boy finally made his appearance, followed by two tiny little girls. Across his temple there was a scar, deep and angry-looking, with flashes of scarlet where the surgeon's stitches had gone into the torn surfaces. Enveloped with bandages his hand lay in a sling whence protruded only the fingers, swollen and blanched with unwonted idleness.

"Got hurt at the mills?" I asked.

"No, meaum," he said. "I got to fightin' with a fello' and he drew a knife on me."

He drawled his words; they seemed to dribble slowly, without intelligence, from his mouth, like the tobacco juice which spilled over his lips when he spoke.

Immediately I concluded: a drunkard's quarrel, of course.

"Why doesn't your little sister go to school?" I asked.

"Wal, she's ben agoin' to the mill sence I was struck. That's three weeks. We'll send her back to school as soon as I kin quit loafin'. There's seven of us, you see——" He laid his free hand on the little head of the youngest child by his side. There was something gentle in the touch, and the baby, lifting her face toward him, rubbed, contentedly, against his arm. Perhaps he wasn't a drunkard, after all——

"You've been out of work three weeks?" I repeated.

"Yes, meaum. I had thirteen stitches in my wrist and head."

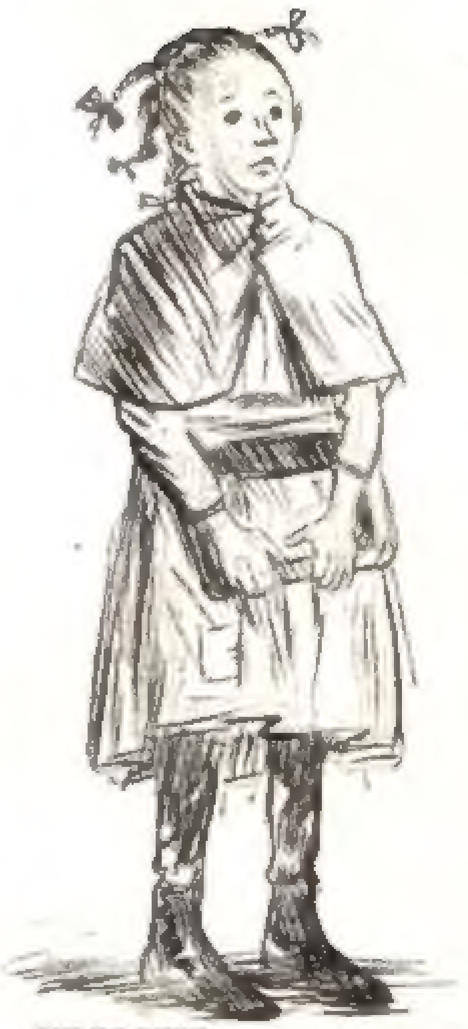
"How did you get to fighting?"

He shifted from one foot to the other, emptied his mouth in a long, black trail which glistened on the wooden floor, and began in his nasal monotone:

"My sisters went deown to a party here, an' papa feound eout 'twas goin' to be a dancin' party, and he deon't alleow my sisters to dance, so he went deown an' took 'em away, an' this fello' was right provoked, an' he did some smart talkin' abeaout my father, an' I won't stand that, so I tol' him real sharp to min' his business, and then we got to fightin'."

His face was as implacable as a mask. How easy to have dismissed him at a glance as incapable of human feeling! How tempting to classify him, from his appearance, as one of those whom it is "useless trying to help!" Who could have supposed that this formless hulk was moved by a spirit fine enough to place his personal safety beneath the family honor? Dressed in lank black clothes which served for Sundays, funerals, convalescences, and all such things as mean "a day off" from work, he looked like a dejected tramp, yet he had a chivalrous desire to protect his sisters; he had an instinctive respect for his father's will, and he had the fine fibre of loyalty which an affront to those we love stings into the imperative demand for justice at the sacrifice, if necessary, of life itself.

At the next house where I inquired for a truant I found a barefoot man warming himself by the open fire preparatory to going on duty at six, as night watchman. In the room where he sat there were two beds; one was occupied by a child in the unconscious stages of "the fever." Watching with her was a neighbor, who had come in to take the mother's place while she worked at the mill.



With the *Blasé* Tone of a Woman of the World

"You see," the neighbor explained to me, "this here child's ben abed six weeks." She lifted the dingy spread and uncovered the little-sufferer's face. "When she-all gets better, Doshia can begin lessons again, I reckon. Neow we need her to help reound the heouse."

My visits continued to reveal a variety of interiors, but one fact remained the same in almost every case I investigated: back of the absence of the little truant there was some misfortune—sickness, death, or an accident—which caused her to be taken from school in order temporarily to go to work or to share the responsibilities of running the house or acting as nurse. One mother was keeping her boy out because he had no shoes. (The company is willing to provide for children who want to go to school and who have no money to buy books and shoes; but the mill-hands are proud and reluctant to declare their poverty before others.) One other practical parent had sent her girl of eleven into the mill to earn her own Christmas money. One or two very wild youths of about ten had taken their careers into their own management and given up school because it set too much restraint upon their liberty—but such cases were comparatively uncommon. Shiftlessness, actual need, illness and misfortune are the principal causes which keep down the mill school attendance. What an opportunity is there here for a visiting nurse such as the district nurses of Miss Wald's admirable settlement in New York, who go from house to house, giving proper care to the sick, offering encouragement to overworked, ignorant mothers, and instructing them in the simple rules of hygiene and cleanliness!

The last address on my list took me out along the track whose iron rails form the only paving of the central thoroughfare. I had knocked for some time at doors and blinds, which echoed, in response, only the emptiness of a deserted house, and I was about turning away when a kindly voice called from a neighboring window:

"They-all ain't home. Won't you come over and rest?"

I yielded to this hospitable request and, as I crossed the yard, caught sight of a boy standing near the fence: the sunlight fell aslant the mat of blond hair with which his head was crowned, and there was something golden, too, in the ghastly pallor of his face. His legs and arms protruded, bare and lank, from clothes long since outgrown, and his whole attitude expressed such physical exhaustion that instinctively I exclaimed to the woman who waited at the doorstep:

"Is that your boy?"

Perhaps she detected something more than curiosity in my tone, for she answered:

"Yes, meaum. He's been a-sleepin'. He's on fer night-work neow."

Through the kitchen, which was scrupulously neat, she led me into a darkened room in the semi-obscurity of which I could perceive a bed in disorder, the sheets thrown back, the mattress airing during this moment of idleness between the rising of the night-hand and the coming to rest of the day laborer.

"Yes, meaum," the mother resumed, apologizing for the confusion of the room, and offering me a chair by the fire; "Arthur's took to the night-work deown't the steel works. He sure does make more. He gets to bed abeaout seavun, he's up and reound by two, loafin' till five, and then he walks over to the mills, abeout a mile."

She had on a neat cotton dress, and an apron over her skirt; her hair, already streaked with gray, was carefully arranged; her small blue eyes looked out from a surrounding network of fine wrinkles which added to the resignation of their appealing expression.

There were two babies, the oldest scarcely able to walk, playing about the floor.

"They're my daughter's children," she explained. "I'm mindin' 'em while she's 'twork deown't the mill. Arthur's comin' to dinner neow," she went on, as a sound in the kitchen announced his return. And during the short five minutes which it took Arthur to dispatch the meal prepared for him, the mother, in answer to my inquiries, told me their story. Thirteen years before, her husband, a sheriff, had been shot dead in the attempt to separate two drunken disputants. Left thus a widow, with no means of support, she had sent her two children into the cotton mill. With the eighty cents a day they brought to her she had fed and clothed both them and herself: about twenty dollars a month; it was this pittance, furnished by tiny hands, which for years had kept together that home. When the daughter married she continued to work as a mill-hand, and her earnings were contributed to aid in the support of her own home and children.

Arthur was thus left alone to provide for himself and his mother.

With some reluctance, having finished his dinner, the boy now joined us as we sat by the fire "visiting." He was "ashamed," his mother protested, not to be dressed, though he might indeed have been proud, for his miserable clothes only offset his bearing, which reflected the dignity that prevails where courage and fortitude persist side by side with misery. Scarcely had he sat down when a tiny voice at his side begged:

"Take me up, Uncle Arthur, take me up!"

It was the oldest of the children. He lifted her on to his knees and clasped his brawny, toil-worn arms about her, while she nestled against him, content. And, as the mother murmured shyly: "He's got that baby right spoiled with pettin'," Arthur began to talk, in broken sentences, about his work, his life, his ambitions.

He spoke very slowly, as one who knows from long familiarity all the limitations that make well-nigh impossible whatever he would undertake. For almost ten years he had drawn his fifty or sixty cents a day from the cotton mill. Then the steel works had been set up just outside of Alabama City, and some one had brought the news that he could earn seventy-five cents a night, and work Sunday nights as well as week nights. . . . Hands were so scarce, in fact, that he could be at his job day and night when his strength allowed. . . .

"We-all can't stop him," the mother said, in her timid, gentle voice. "He never quit workin' from Sat'day night tell Monday mornin', and he started in Tuesday agean and worked tell Wednesday evenin'. It's mostly an outdoor job, too, so's't keeps him with a real smart cold on his chest."

"This is not right!" I exclaimed, appealing to the boy. "You cannot go on in this way; you are only fifteen years old."

### Stronger Than Argument

HIS eyes met mine with a glance that made me feel how much stronger was his own determination than any argument I could use.

"I'm makin' twenty-two dollars a month deown't the steel works," he said.

"You see," the mother put in, "he gives me twelve a month for his board an' mine an' the rent an' all."

"He's never been to school?" I asked.

"No, meaum, he's never had no time; he's been at work since he was five."

"But he *must* learn to read and write."

"That's what he craves, but it's been a right hard pull now for abeaout ten years."

It was through a mist glistening before my eyes that I looked again at Arthur. The baby had fallen asleep on his breast, and he sat immovable, gazing at the red coals that glowed on the hearth. In the semi-darkness of the room the firelight intensified the shadows that played around the rugged little figure, bowed over the burden that lay in its arms.

Turning to me, he said very slowly:

"I reckon that-all's true abeaout readin' and writin'." And then, as though he were pledging an oath, he added in his hoarse, broken voice: "I'm goin' to school next year—if I'm alive. It'll take abeaout a year, then I guess I'll have enough."

Enough? Yes, enough, so that he could support his mother and himself out of his savings while he "quit work" the time it takes to learn "readin' and writin'." He had never had a book in his hands or "scratched a line" as his mother put it; he had had no contact with that outside world of imagination and learning in which the rest of us dwell. He had been for years up before dawn, and plied in the service of a machine for twelve hours of the day; he had spent his childhood as a laborer, a bread-winner who earned food and shelter not only for himself, but for another; he had lived without pleasure, without amusements, without hope—without hope, yes, but never without courage. And when at last an opportunity presented itself, what form did it take? The chance to extenuate his remaining energies working night and day—to be drenched to the skin—to be too tired to eat when food was put before him—too exhausted to sleep when his head touched the pillow. This was his "chance," and he met it fighting the good fight, and bound to be a victor! Heaven knows his lank and withered body gave evidence sufficient of what he was going through. But who could pass him on the way and not be better for it, who could take his hand and not be uplifted by this iron clasp which, in suffering untold, had clung fast to the real things of life.

This is the sort we can point to with pride when asked: "Where are the real Americans?" There is not another country in the world which can produce such metal: that boy-laborer is a tacit defiance of the manufacturer's greed. He stands as a testimony to the fact that no one can rob the human soul.

# The Incomplete Amorist

## BY E. NESBIT

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### XXI—THE FLIGHT

THE full sunlight streamed into the room when Betty, her packing done, drew back the curtain. She looked out on the glazed roof of the laundry, the lead roof of the office, the blank wall of the new grocery establishment in the Rue de Rennes. Only a little blue sky showed at the end of the lane, between roofs, by which the sun came in. Not a tree, not an inch of grass in sight; only, in her room, half a dozen roses that Temple had left for her, and the white Marguerite plant—tall, sturdy, a little tree almost—that Vernon had sent in from the florist's next door but two. Everything was packed. She would say good-by to Madame Bianchi; and she would go, and leave no address, as she had promised last night.

"Why did you promise?" she asked herself. And herself replied:

"Don't you bother. We'll talk about all that when we've got away from Paris. He was quite right. You can't think here."

"You'd better tell the cabman some other station. That cat of a concierge is sure to be listening."

"Ah, right. *I* don't want to give him any chance of finding me, even if he did say he wanted to marry me."

A fleet, lovely picture of herself in bridal smart traveling clothes arriving at the rectory on Vernon's arm: "Aren't you sorry you misjudged him so, father?" Gentle accents refraining from reproach. A very pretty picture. Dismissed.

Now the carriage swaying under the mound of Betty's luggage starts for the Gare du Nord. In the Rue Notre Dame des Champs Betty opens her mouth to say: "Gare de Lyons." No: this is *his* street. Better cross it as quickly as may be. At the Church of St. Germain—yes.

The coachman smiles at the new order, whips up his horse and swings around to the left along the prettiest of all the boulevards, between the full-leafed trees. Past Thirion's. Ah!

That thought, or pang, or nausea—Betty doesn't quite know what it is—keeps her eyes from the streets till the carriage is crossing the river. Why—there is Notre Dame! It ought to be miles away. Suppose Vernon should have been leaning out of his window when she passed across his street, seen her, divined her destination, followed her in the fleetest carriage accessible? The vision of a meeting at the station:

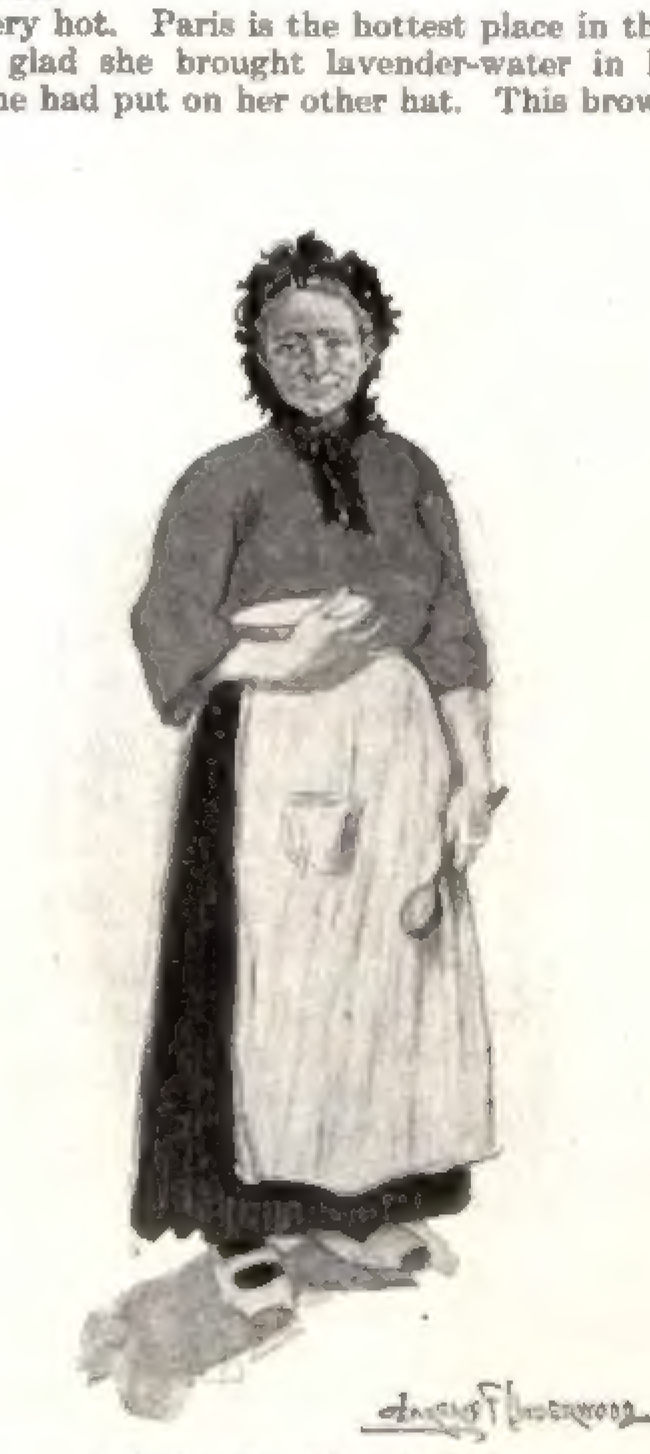
"Why are you going away? What have I done?" The secret of this, her great renunciation—the whole life's sacrifice to that life's idol—honor, wrung from her. A hand that would hold hers—under pretense of taking her bundle of rugs to carry. She wished the outermost rug were less shabby!

Vernon's voice:—

"But I can't let you go. Why ruin two lives—nay, three? For it is you only that I ——"

Dismissed.

It is very hot. Paris is the hottest place in the world. Betty is glad she brought lavender-water in her bag. Wishes she had put on her other hat. This brown one is hot; and besides, if Vernon *were* to be at the station —— Interval. Dismissed.



"You See Her, *Ma Belle et Bonne*," Chuckled the Old Woman

Betty has never before made a railway journey alone. This gives one a forlorn feeling. Suppose she has to pay excess on her luggage, or to wrangle about contraband? She has heard all about the Octroi. Is lavender-water smuggling? And what can they do to you for it? Vernon would know these things. And if he were going into the country he would be wearing that almost-white rough suit of his and the Panama hat. A rose—Madame Abel de Chatenay—would go well with that coat. Why didn't brides consult their bridegrooms before they bought their trousseaus? You should get your gowns to rhyme with your husband's suits. A dream of a dress that would be, with all the shades of Madame Abel cunningly blended. A honeymoon lasts at least a month. The roses would all be out at Long Barton by the time they walked up that moss-grown drive, and stood at the rectory door, and she murmured in the ear of the Reverend Cecil: "Aren't you sorry you ——"

Dismissed. And perforce, for the station was reached.

Betty, even in the brown hat, attracted the most attractive of the porters—also, of course, the most attractable. He thought he spoke English, and though this was not so, yet the friendly blink of his Breton-blue eyes and his encouraging smile gave to his words quite the ring of one's mother-tongue.

He made everything easy for Betty, found her a carriage without company ("I can cry here if I like," said the Betty that Betty liked least), arranged her small packages neatly in the rack, took her fifty-centime piece as though it had been a priceless personal souvenir, and ran half the length of the platform to get a rose from another porter's buttonhole. He handed it to her through the carriage window.

"*Pour égayer le voyage de Meess.* All right!" he smiled, and was gone.

She settled herself in the far corner and took off her hat. The carriage was hot as any kitchen. With her teeth she drew the cork of the lavender-water bottle, and with her handkerchief dabbed the perfume on forehead and ears.

"Ah, Mademoiselle—*De grace!*"—the voice came through the open window beside her. A train full of young soldiers was beside her train, and in the window opposite hers three boys' faces crowded to look at her. Three hands held out three handkerchiefs—not very white, certainly, but——

Betty, smiling, reached out the bottle and poured lavender water on each outheld handkerchief.

"*Ah, le bon souvenir!*" said one.

"We shall think of the beauty of an angel of Mademoiselle every time we smell the perfume so delicious," said the second.

"And longer than that—oh, longer than that by all a life!" cried the third.

The train started. The honest, smiling boy faces disappeared. Instinctively she put her head out of the window to look back at them. All three threw kisses to her.

"I ought to be offended," said Betty, and instantly kissed her hand in return.

"How *nice* French people are!" she said as she sank back on the hot cushions.

And now there was leisure to think—real thoughts, not those broken, harassing dreamings that had buzzed about her between 57 Boulevard Montparnasse and the station. Also, as some one had suggested, one could cry.

She leaned back, eyes shut. Her next thought was:

"I have been asleep."

She had. The train was moving out of a station labeled Fontainebleau.

"And oh, the trees!" said Betty, "the green, thick trees! And the sky! You can see the sky."

Through the carriage window she drank delight from the far grandeur of green distances, the intimate beauty of green rides, green vistas—a thirsty lover madness from the warm lips of his mistress.

"Oh, how good! How green and good!" she told herself over and over again, till the words made a song with the rhythm of the blundering train and the humming metals.

"Bourron!"

Her station: little, quiet, sunlit, like the station at Long Barton; a flaming broom bush and the white of May and acacia blossom beyond prim palings; no platform—a long leap to the dusty earth. The train went on, and Betty and her boxes seemed dropped suddenly at the world's end.

The air was fresh and still. A chestnut tree reared its white blossoms like the candles on a Christmas tree for giant children. The white dust of the platform sparkled like diamond dust. May trees and laburnums shone like silver and gold. And the sun was warm and the tree-shadows black on the grass. And Betty loved it all.

"*Oh!*" she said suddenly, "it's a year ago to-day since I met *him*—in the warren."

A shadow caressed and stung her. She would have liked it to wear the mask of love foregone—to have breathed plaintively of hopes defeated and a broken heart. Instead it showed the candid face of a real homesickness, and it spoke with convincing and abominably aggravating plainness—of Long Barton.

The little hooded diligence was waiting in the hot, white dust outside the station.

"But yes. It is I who transport all the guests of Madame Chevillon," said the smiling, brown-haired, bonnetless woman who held the reins.

Betty climbed up beside her.

Along a straight road that tall ranks of trees guarded but did not shade, through the patchwork neatness of the little culture that makes the deep difference between peasant France and pastoral England, down a steep hill into a little white town, where vines grew out of the very street to cling against the faces of the houses and wistaria hung its mauve pendants from every arch and lintel.

The Hotel Chevillon is a white-faced house, with little unintelligent eyes of windows, burnt blind, it seems, in the sun—neat with the neatness of Provincial France.

Out shuffled an old peasant woman in short skirt, heavy shoes and big apron, her arms bare, a saucepan in one hand, a ladle in the other. She beamed at Betty.

"I wish to see Madame Chevillon."

"You see her, *ma belle et bonne*," chuckled the old woman. "It is me, Madame Chevillon. You will rooms, is it not? You are artist? All who come to the hotel are artist. Rooms? Marie shall show you the rooms, at the instant even. All the rooms—except one—that is the room of the English artist—all that there is of most amiable, but quite mad. He wears no hat, and his brains boil in the sun. Mademoiselle can chat with him: it will prevent that she bores herself here in the forest."

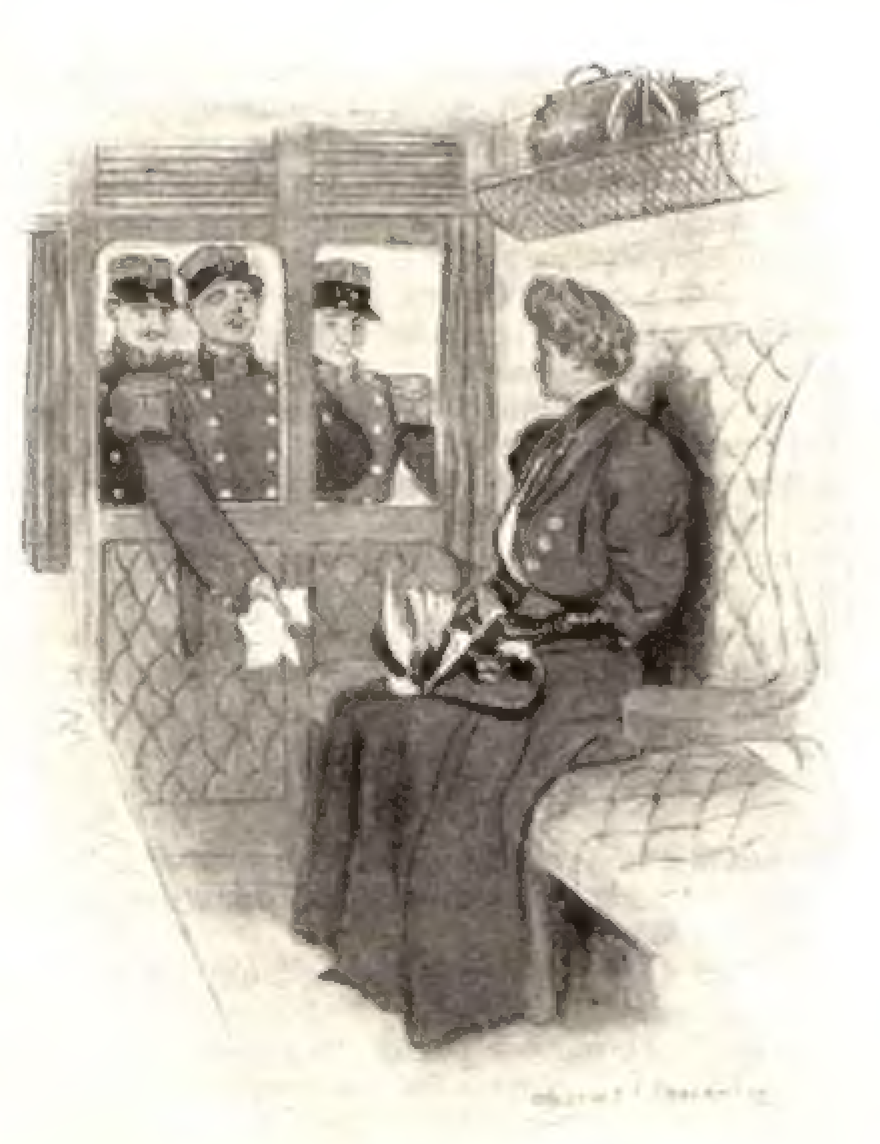
Betty disliked the picture.

"I think perhaps," she said, translating mentally as she spoke, "that I should do better to go to another hotel, if there is only one man here and he is ——"

She saw days made tiresome by the dodging of a lunatic—nights made tremulous by a lunatic's yelling soliloquies.

"Ah," said Madame Chevillon comfortably, "I thought Mademoiselle was artist; and for the artists and the Spaniards the *convenances* exist not. But Mademoiselle is also English. They eat the convenances every day with the soup. See then, my cherished. The Englishman, he is not a dangerous fool, only a beast of the good God; he has the atelier and the room at the end of the corridor. But there is, besides the hotel, the garden pavilion, an apartment of two rooms, exquisite, on the first, and the garden room that opens big upon the terrace. It is there that Mademoiselle will be well!"

Betty thought so, too, when she had seen the "rooms, exquisite, on the first"—neat, bare, well-scrubbed rooms with red-tiled floors, scanty rugs and Frenchly varnished furniture—the garden room, too, with big open hearth and no furniture but wicker chairs and tables.


"I Ought to be Offended," said Betty

"Mademoiselle can eat all alone on the terrace. The English man shall not approach. I will charge myself with that. Mademoiselle may repose herself here as on the bosom of the mother of Mademoiselle."

Betty had her déjeuner on the little stone terrace with rickety rustic railings. Below lay the garden, thick with trees. Away among the trees to the left an arbor. She saw through the leaves the milk-white gleam of flannels, heard the chink of china and cutlery. There, no doubt, the mad Englishman was even now breakfasting. There was the width of the garden between them. She sat still till the flannel gleam had gone away among the trees. Then she went out and explored the little town.

Lying in a long chair reading one of her Tauchnitz books Betty felt very much at home, indeed.

The long afternoon wore on. The trees of the garden crowded around Betty with soft whispers in a language not known to the trees on the boulevards.

"I am very, very unhappy," said Betty with a deep sigh of delight.

She went in, unpacked, arranged everything neatly. She always arranged everything neatly, but nothing ever would stay arranged. She wrote to her father, explaining that Madame Gautier had brought her and the other girls to Grez for the summer.

"I shall be very, very unhappy to-morrow," said Betty that night, laying her face against the coarse, cool linen of her pillow; "to-day I have been stunned—I haven't been able to feel anything. But to-morrow!"

To-morrow, she knew, would be golden and green even as to-day. But she should not care. She did not want to be happy. How could she be happy now that she had of her own free will put away the love of her life? She called and beckoned to all the thoughts that the green world shut out, and they came to her call, fluttering black wings to hide the sights and sounds of field and wood and green garden, and making their nest in her heart. "Yes," she said, turning the hot, rough pillow, "now it begins to hurt again. I knew it would."

She wondered where Vernon was. It was quite early. Not eleven. Lady St. Craye had called that quite early.

"He's with *her*, of course," said Betty; "sitting at her feet, no doubt, and looking up at her hateful eyes, and holding her horrid hand, and forgetting that he ever knew a girl named Me."

Betty dressed and went out.

She crossed the garden. It was very dark among the trees. It would be lighter in the road.

The big yard door was ajar. She pushed it softly. It creaked and let her through into the silent street. There were no lights in the hotel, no lights in any of the houses.

She stood a moment, hesitating. A door creaked inside the hotel. She took the road to the river.

"I wonder if people ever *do* drown themselves for love," said Betty; "he'd be sorry then."

### *XXII—THE LUNATIC*

THE night kept its promise. Betty, slipping from the sleeping house into the quiet darkness, seemed to slip into a poppy-fringed pool of oblivion. The night laid fresh, cold hands on her tired eyes, and shut out many things. She paused for a minute on the bridge to listen to the restful, restless whisper of the water against the rough stone. She walked on. Her eyes growing used to the darkness discerned the white ribbon of road unrolling before her. The trees were growing thicker. This must be the forest. Certainly it was the forest.

"How dark it is," she said; "how dear and dark! And how still! I suppose the trams are running just the same along the Boulevard Montparnasse—and all the lights and people, and the noise. And I've been there all these months—and all the time this was here—this!"

Paris was going on—all that muddle and maze of worried people. And she was out of it all; here, alone.

Alone? A quick terror struck at the heart of her content. An abrupt, horrible certainty froze her—the certainty that she was not alone. There was some living thing besides herself in the forest, quite near her—something other than the deer and the squirrels and the quiet, dainty woodland people. She felt it in every fibre long before she heard that faint, light sound that was not one of the forest noises. She stood still and listened.

She had never been frightened of the dark—of the outdoor dark. At Long Barton she had never been afraid even to go past the churchyard in the dark night—the free night that had never held any terrors, only dreams.

But now: she quickened her pace, and—yes—footsteps came on behind her. And in front the long, straight ribbon of the road unwound, gray now in the shadow. There seemed to be no road turning to right or left. She could not go on forever. She would have to turn, sometime—if not now, yet sometime, in this black darkness, and then she would meet this thing that trod so softly behind her.

Before she knew that she had ceased to walk she was crouched in the black between two bushes. She had leaped as the deer leaps, and crouched, still as any deer.

Her dark-blue linen gown was one with the forest shadows. She breathed noiselessly—her eyes were turned to the gray ribbon of road that had been behind her. She had heard. Now she would see.

She did see—something white and tall and straight. Oh, the relief of the tallness and straightness and whiteness! She had thought of something dwarfed and clumsy—dark, misshapen, slouching beast-like on two shapeless feet. Why were people afraid of tall white ghosts?

It passed. It was a man—in a white suit. Just an ordinary man. No, not ordinary. The ordinary man in France does not wear white. Nor in England, except for boating and tennis and——

Flannels. Yes. The lunatic who boiled his brains in the sun!

Betty's terror changed color as the wave changes from green to white, but it lost not even so much of its force as the wave loses by the change. It held her moveless till the soft step of the tennis shoes died away. Then softly and hardly moving at all, moving so little that not a leaf of those friendly bushes rustled, she slipped off her shoes: took them in her hand, made one leap through the crackling, protesting undergrowth and fled back along the road, fleet as a greyhound.

She ran and she walked, very fast, and then she ran again, and never once did she pause to look or listen. If the lunatic caught her—well, he would catch her, but it should not be *her* fault if he did.

The trees were thinner. Ahead she saw glimpses of a world that looked quite light, and the bridge ahead. With one last spurt she ran across it, tore up the little bit of street, slipped through the door, and between the garden trees to her pavilion.

She looked very carefully in every corner—all was still and empty. She locked her door, and fell face downward on her bed.

Vernon in his studio was "thinking things over" after the advice of Miss Voscoe, in much the same attitude.

"Oh," said Betty, "I will never go out at night again! And I will leave this horrible, horrible place the very first thing to-morrow morning!"

But to-morrow morning touched the night's events with new colors from its shining palette.

"After all, even a lunatic has a right to walk out in the forest if it wants to," she told herself; "and it didn't know I was there, I expect, really. But I think I'll go and stay at some other hotel."

She asked, when her "complete coffee" came to her, what the mad gentleman did all day.

"He is not so stupid as Mademoiselle supposes," said Marie. "All the artists are insane, and he is only a little more insane than the others. He is not a real mad, all the same, see you. To-day he makes drawings at Montigny."

"Which way is Montigny?" asked Betty. And, learning, strolled, when her coffee was finished, by what looked like the other way.

It took her to the river.

"It's like the Medway," said Betty, stooping to the fat cowslips at her feet, "only prettier; and I never saw any cowslips there. You dears!"

Betty would not look at her sorrow in this gay, glad world. But she knew at last what her sorrow's name was. She saw now that it was love that had stood all the winter between her and Vernon, holding a hand of each. In her blindness she had called it friendship—but now she knew its real, royal name.

She felt that her heart was broken. Even the fact that her grief was a thing to be indulged or denied at will brought her no doubts. She had always wanted to be brave and noble. Well, now she was being both.

A turn of the river brought to sight a wide reach dotted with green islands, each a tiny forest of willow saplings and young alders. There was a boat moored under an aspen, a great clumsy boat, but it had sculls in it. It would be pleasant to go out to the islands.

She got into the boat, loosened the heavy rattling chain and flung it on board, took up the sculls and began to pull. It was easy work.

"I didn't know I was such a good oar," said Betty as the boat crept swiftly down the river.

As she stepped into the boat she noticed the long river-reeds straining down stream like the green hair of hidden water-nixies.

She would land at the big island—the boat steered easily and lightly enough for all its size—but before she could ship her oars and grasp at a willow root she shot past the island.

Then she remembered the streaming green weeds.

"Why, there must be a frightful current!" she said. What could make the river run at this pace—a weir—or a waterfall?

She turned the boat's nose up stream and pulled. Ah, this was work! Then her eyes, fixed in the exertion of pulling, found that they saw no moving banks, but just one picture: a willow, a clump of irises, three poplars in the distance—and the foreground of the picture did not move. All her pulling only sufficed to keep the boat from going with the stream. And now, as the effort relaxed a little it did not even do this. The foreground did move—the wrong way. The boat was slipping slowly down stream. She turned and made for the bank, but the stream caught her broadside on, whirled the boat around and swept it calmly and gently down—toward the weir—or the waterfall.

Betty pulled two strong strokes, driving the boat's nose straight for the nearest island, shipped the sculls with a jerk, stumbled forward and caught at an alder stump. She flung the chain around it and made fast. The boat's stern swung round—it was thrust in under the bank and held there; the chain clicked loudly as it stretched taut.

"Well!" said Betty. The island was between her and the riverside path. No one would be able to see her. She must listen and call out when she heard any one pass. Then they would get another boat and come and fetch her away. She would not tempt Fate again alone in that boat. She was not going to be drowned in any silly French river.

She landed, pushed through the saplings, found a mossy willow stump and sat down to get her breath.

It was very hot on the island. It smelt damply of wet lily leaves and iris roots and mud. Flies buzzed and worried. The time was very long. And no one came by.

"I may have to spend the day here," she told herself. "It's not so safe in the boat, but it's not so fly-y, either."

And still no one passed.

Suddenly the soft whistling of a tune came through the hot air. A tune she had learned in Paris!

*"C'était deux amants!"*

"Hi!" cried Betty in a voice that was not at all like her voice. "Help! *Au secours!*" she added on second thoughts.

"Where are you?" came a voice. How alike all Englishmen's voices seemed—in a foreign land!

"Here—on the island! Send some one out with a boat, will you? I can't work my boat a bit."

Through the twittering leaves she saw something white waving. Next moment a big splash. She could see, through a little gap, a white blazer thrown down on the bank—a pair of sprawling brown boots; in the water a sleek, wet, round head, an arm in a blue shirt-sleeve swimming a strong side stroke. It was the lunatic: of course it was. And she had called to him, and he was coming. She pushed back to the boat, leaped in, and was fumbling with the chain when she heard the splash and the crack of broken twigs that marked the lunatic's landing.

She would rather chance the weir or the waterfall than be alone on that island with a maniac. But the chain was stretched straight and stiff as a lance—she could not untwist it. She was still struggling, with pink fingers bruised and rust-stained, when something heavy crashed through the saplings and a voice cried close to her:

"Drop it! What are you doing?" And a hand fell on the chain.

Betty, at bay, raised her head. Lunatics, she knew, could be quelled by the calm gaze of the human eye.

She gave one look, and held out both hands with a joyous cry.

"Oh—it's *you!* I *am* so glad! Where did you come from? Oh, how wet you are!"

Then she sat down on the thwart and said no more, because of the choking feeling in her throat that told her very exactly just how frightened she had been.

"You!" Temple was saying very slowly. "How on earth? Where are you staying? Where's your party?"

He was squeezing the water out of sleeves and trouser-legs.

"I haven't got a party. I'm staying alone at a hotel—just like a man. I know you're frightfully shocked. You always are."

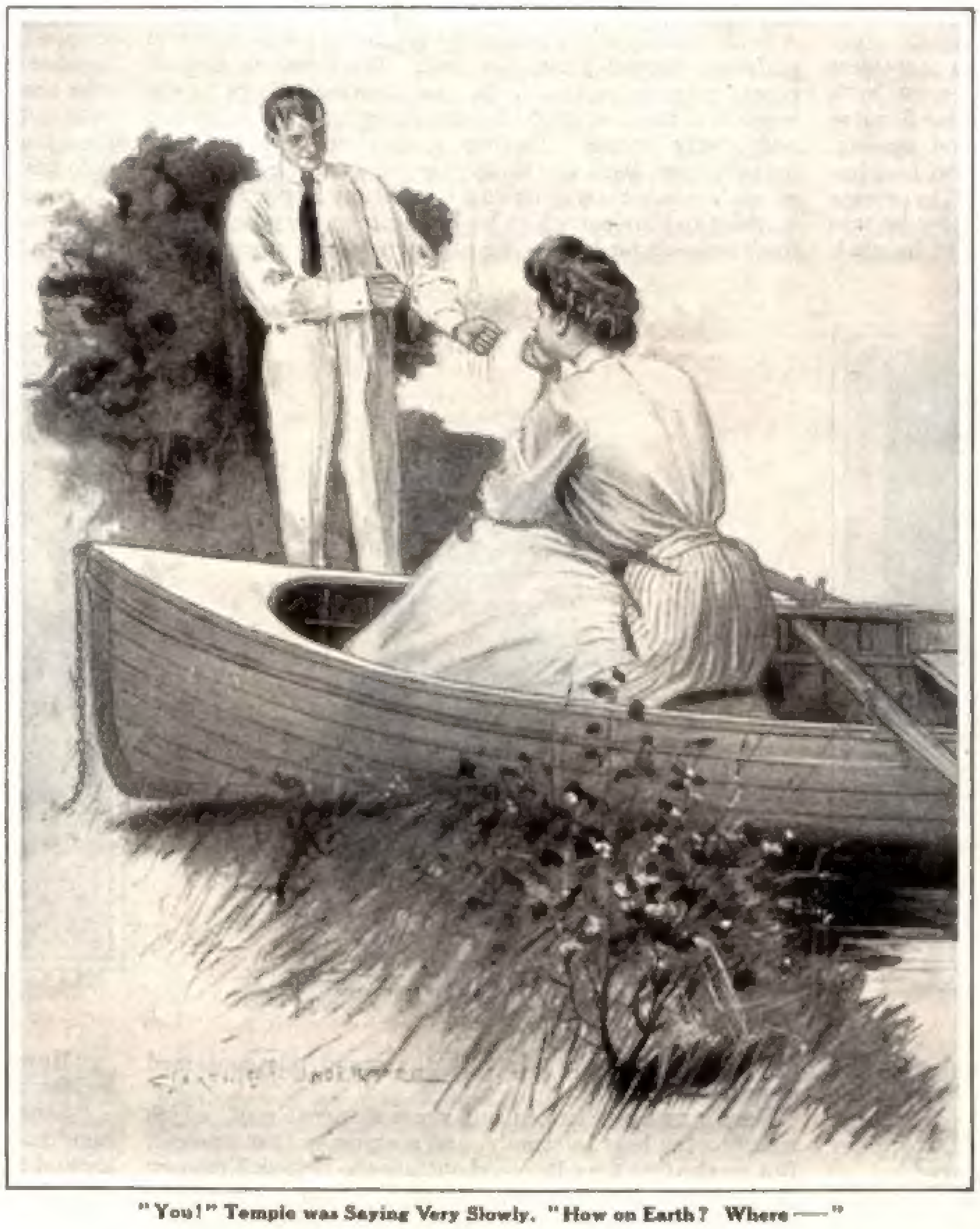
"Where are you staying?" he asked, drawing the chain in hand over hand, till a loose loop of it dipped in the water.

"Hotel Chevillon. How dripping you are!"

"Hotel Chevillon! Never! Then it was *you!*"

"What was me?"

"That I was sheep-dog to, last night in the forest."



**"You!" Temple was Saying Very Slowly. "How on Earth? Where ——"**

"Then it was *you?* And I thought it was the lunatic! Oh, if I'd only known! But why did you come after me—if you didn't know it *was* me?"

Temple blushed through the runnels of water that trickled from his hair.

"I—well, Madame told me there was an English girl staying at the hotel—and I heard some one go out—and I looked out of the window and I thought it was the girl, and I just—well, if anything had gone wrong—a drunken man, or anything—it was just as well there should be some one there, don't you know."

"That's very, very nice of you," said Betty. "But oh! ——" She told him about the lunatic.

"Oh, that's me!" said Temple. "I recognize the portrait, especially about the hat."

He had loosened the chain and was pulling with strong, even strokes across the river toward the bank where his coat lay.

"We'll land here if you don't mind."

"Can't you pull up to the place where I stole the boat?" He laughed.

"The man's not living who could pull against this stream when the mill's going and the lower sluice-gates are open. How glad I am that I—and how plucky and splendid of you not to lose your head, but just to hang on! It takes a lot of courage to wait, doesn't it?"

Betty thought it did.

"Let me carry your coat," said Betty as they landed. "You'll make it so wet."

He stood still a moment and looked at her.

"Now we're on terra cotta," he said, "let me remind you that we've not shaken hands. Oh, but it's good to see you again!"

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

"Look well, my child," said Madame Chevillon, "and when you see approach the Meess, warn me, that I may make the little omelette at the instant."

"Oh, la la, Madame!" cried Marie five minutes later. "Here it is that she comes, and the mad with her. He talks with her, in laughing. She carries his coat, and neither the one nor the other has any hat."

"I will make a double omelette," said Madame. "Give me still more of the eggs. The English are all mad—the one like the other; but even mads must eat, my child. Is it not?"

### XXIII—TEMPERATURES

"IT ISN'T as though she were the sort of girl who can't take care of herself," said Lady St. Craye to the Inward Monitor who was buzzing its indiscreet commonplaces in her ear. "I've really done her a good turn by sending her to Grez. No—it's not in the least compromising for a girl to stay at the same hotel. And besides, there are lots of amusing people there, I expect. She'll have a delightful time, and get to know that Temple boy really well. I'm sure he'd repay investigation. If I weren't a besotted fool I could have pursued those researches myself. But it's not what's worth having that one wants; it's—it's what one *does* want. Yes. That's all."

Paris was growing intolerable. But for—well, a thousand reasons—Lady St. Craye would already have left it. The pavements were red-hot. When one drove it was through an air like the breath from the open mouth of a furnace.

She kept much within doors, filled her rooms with roses, and lived with every window open. Her balcony, too, was full of flowers—and the striped sun-blinds beyond each open window kept the rooms in pleasant shadow.

"But suppose something happens to her—all alone there," said the Inward Monitor.

"Nothing will. She's not that sort of girl." Her headache had been growing worse these three days. The Inward Monitor might have had pity, remembering that—but no.

"You told Him that all girls were the same sort of girls," said the pitiless voice.

"I didn't mean in that way. I suppose you'd have liked me to write that anonymous letter and restore her to the bosom of her furious family? I've done the girl a good turn—for what she did for me. She's a good little thing—too good for him, even if I didn't happen to—and Temple's her ideal mate. I wonder if he's found it out yet? He must have by now!—three weeks in the same hotel."

Temple, however, was not in the same hotel. The very day of the river rescue he had moved his traps a couple of miles down the river to Montigny. A couple of miles is a good distance. Also a very little way, as you choose to take it.

"You know it was a mean trick," said the Inward Monitor. "Why not have let the girl go away where she could be alone—and get over it?"

"Oh, be quiet!" said Lady St. Craye. "I never knew myself so tiresome before. I think I must be going to be ill. My head feels like an ice in an omelette."

Vernon, strolling in much later found her with eyes closed, leaning back among her flowers as she had lain all that long afternoon.

"How pale you look," he said. "You ought to get away from here."

"Yes," she said. "I suppose I ought. It would be easier for you if you hadn't the awful responsibility of bringing me roses every other day. What beauty-darlings these are!" She dipped her face in the fresh, pure whiteness of the ones he had laid on her knee. Their

(Continued on Page 15)

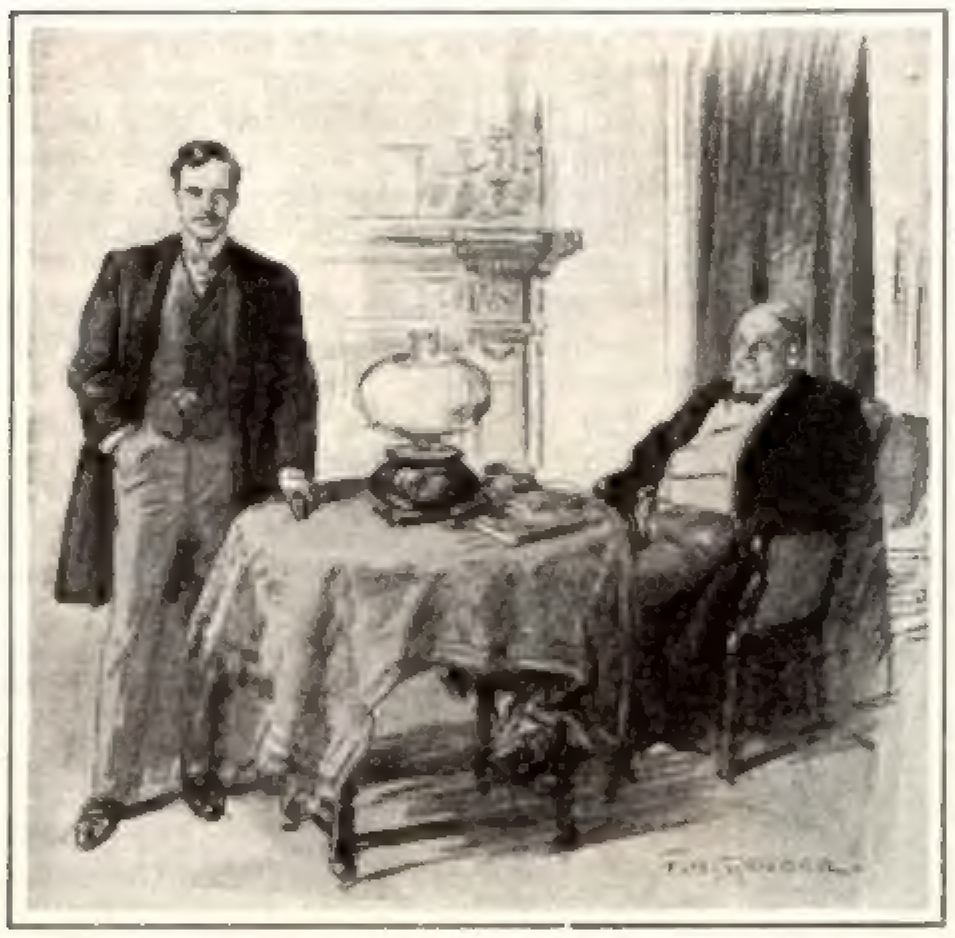
# THE BACK OF THE THRONE

## Spider and Flies in Washington

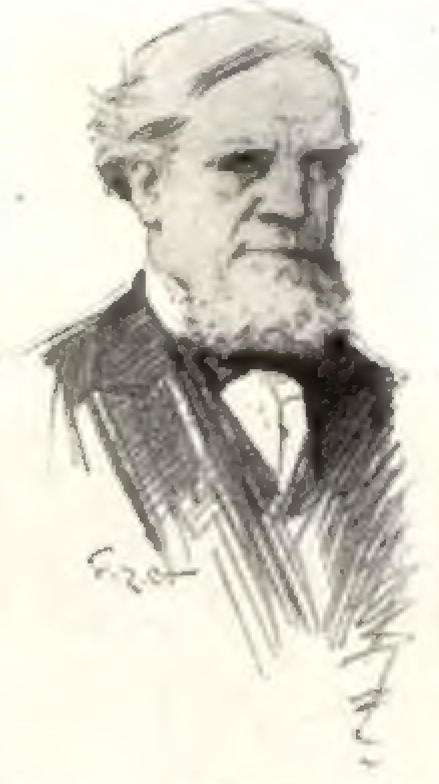
### BY WILL PAYNE

A GREAT, uniform feeling of soreness extended over the Nation's Capital. The Senate had amazed everybody by passing the House bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor in the Territories. The measure had been introduced in the lower chamber for innocent purposes of political buncombe. Unbeknown to any, the national atmosphere had been full of electricity. Bishop John Wesley Somersby, of Illiana, and Lydia Anne Hinkley, at present of Washington, had touched it off by their cyclonic campaign in favor of the prohibition bill. For a moment it looked as though the whole nation was roaring for this bill. The House couldn't pass it fast enough. The Senate, long nervously aware that every third elector had a brick in his pocket for it, and not deeply interested in the bibulous habits of the Territories, bowed to the popular will—for once. The electrical storm having expended itself, the press was now scoffing at this unexampled spasm of Congressional virtue. The astounded Territories were shouting for help. The President, who must now either approve the spasm or take upon his devoted head the wrath of its advocates by vetoing it, was purple with indignation from morning until night. Only Adelbert P. Merchant was quite serene. His matchless proficiency had enabled him to carry water on both shoulders even in a whisky fight. Thus the senior Senator from Illiana left his committee-room bland and smiling.

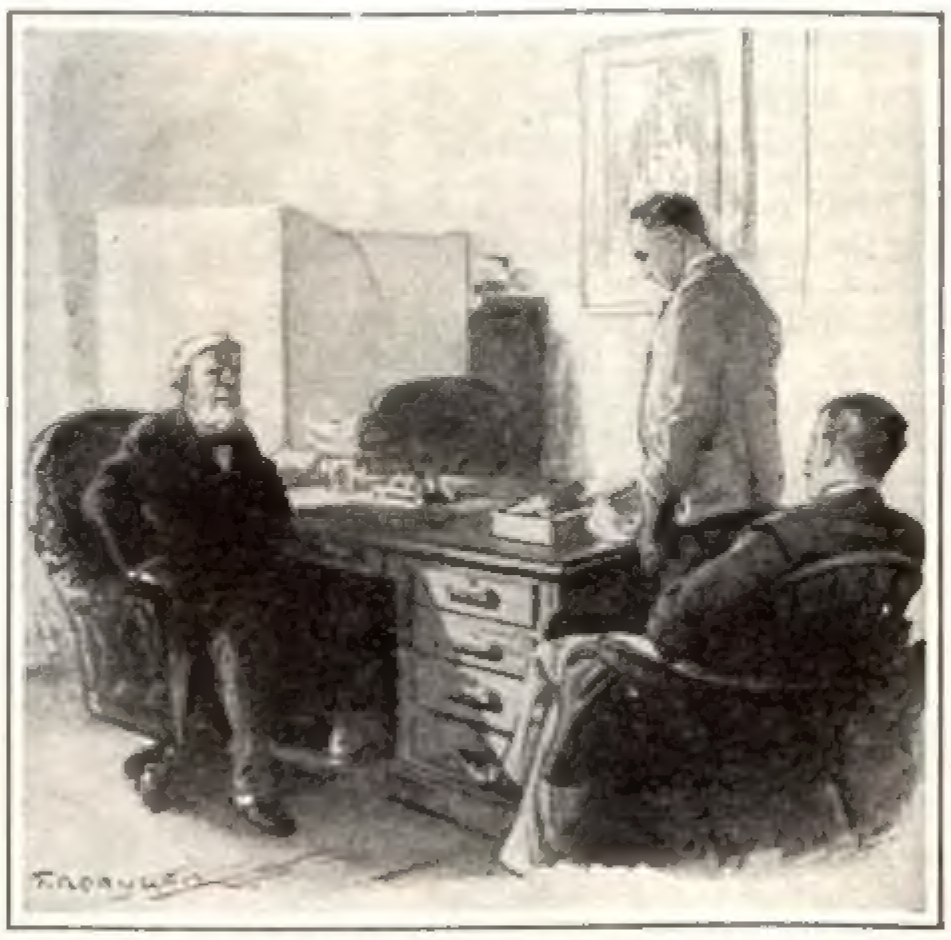
The Senator's unrivaled feat in equilibration had imposed some hardships upon his staff, however. The private secretary was glad the day's work was done, for he was tired. The stenographer was too tired even to be glad. He had been up until two that morning and was half asleep as he finished the day's grist. The last run of the mill, completed just before Senator Merchant's departure, consisted of two notes, one written by himself, the other by the private secretary. The secretary's note read:



The Fat Man's Shrewd Glance was Steadily Taking Stock of His Host



The Honorable Queerenough



The Senator's Able Mind had Taken in All the Possibilities of the Case the Moment He Read the Dispatch

"*My dear Bishop:* The Senator was not able to get a satisfactory audience with the President to-day, as there was a Cabinet meeting. But he has spoken where, he believes, it will do the most good. I do not think you need give yourself uneasiness as to the outcome. We feel confident. I shall report to you to-morrow, however, telephoning immediately if anything unexpected arises."

The Senator wrote: "*My dear Joseph:* The wind is blowing in the right direction. If we watch our p's and q's and keep quiet we will have it up to a forty-knot gale in time to bring results. Don't worry. Leave that to Brother Somersby and Sister Hinkley. This is for your eye alone." This note, in the Senator's own hand, duly marked "confidential" within and "personal" without, was for Mr. Joseph Nugent, president of the Grand Mogul Distillery, Ethelton, Illiana.

A large white Senatorial envelope, bearing Merchant's frank and directed to Nugent, lay on the stenographer's desk. Private Secretary Bard saw it plainly. Just as plainly he saw the sleepy stenographer inclosing the Nugent note, in the Senator's cramped characters, in the other envelope, which was directed to Rev. John Wesley Somersby, in care of Lydia Anne Hinkley, Washington.

Bard's hand moved toward the stenographer's shoulder. His tongue was about to say: "Hold on, Ned! You've put 'em in the wrong envelopes." His tongue did not say it, however. He stared at the two envelopes a moment; put his hand in his pocket and went out slowly. On the Capitol steps he paused; then laughed and went on to his car.

## II

THE sun was setting as Bard dropped from the car, within sight of the White House, and trudged the three blocks home.

To get home he passed beneath a great sandstone arch, pointed and carved in the Moorish style; crossed a little court thickly set with palms and ferns in green tubs; entered an imposing doorway where he received the affable nods of two personages in livery, and so found himself in a splendid marble hall, columned with many slender shafts and murmurous with the plash of the fountain in the centre. A noble marble salon, pleasantly brightened with rugs and pictures, opened from the hall. There was an elegant reception-room in front. Several liveried fellows to the warders of the door might be seen lounging in the extensive and costly spaces. Having passed this ground-floor magnificence, Bard was briskly elevated to the eighth floor, where he made his way down a narrow and as yet unlighted corridor to the door which let him into his very tight little five-rooms-and-a-bath—one of those sets of marvelously compact cubby-holes of which the grand pile contained some three hundred.

Bard's own set looked out upon a tarred roof, which reflected the heat infernally, and a chimney that smoked. But on the first floor he could outface the British Embassy or the White House itself. Senator Merchant owned the pile. Having built it from funds which somewhat mysteriously accrued when Cuba floated her bonds, he named it the Quirinal. Bard called it the Queerenough.

The seeming emptiness of the dim flat—which could scarcely contain two human beings in any position without one being aware of the other—struck depressingly on the young man's heart. He put his hand to the switch mechanically, and heard a kind of fat chuckle before the flooding light revealed the human figure. Then he stopped short, startled, mysteriously stricken with a searching pain. It was the last man in the world that he wished to see.

"Why, Jim, how are you?" he said.

Brisbane shook hands gravely. The welcome was far from what he had expected. Brisbane himself was well toward forty, stumpy and fat. His short legs conformed to the general globular scheme of his person by bowing noticeably. Though his broad face expressed intelligence and good humor, it was ruined architecturally by a pug nose and a knobby protuberance of the brow over his large, deep-set brown eyes. His fat was of the aggressive, irrepressible sort that no tailor can subdue. Thus, although his clothes were of good texture and make, there was no spot on his body where they fitted. He grinned capaciously at Bard's trig suit and light, figured waistcoat.

"All the same, Billy, you can't fool the hired girl," he observed. "The minute she saw me she knew I was from the same tall grass you came out of. So she left me here while she went to call at an ambassador's—I judged from her togs."

"She goes about as she pleases," Bard replied dryly, and added: "Bessie is over at the Senator's this afternoon—a reception."

The fat man's shrewd glance was steadily taking stock of his host. "The Senator's, eh?" he said calmly. "And how is that noble old two-legged hyena?"

Bard did not laugh, but looked at the other with a kind of hunger. "He's rotten, Jim," he said. "He's an awful old fraud from beginning to end; and he's got me tied up. Take this prohibition bill: Bishop Somersby came on here with a rip-roaring, red-hot delegation to root for it. Same time Joe Nugent and the other big distillers landed in town to fight it. The Senator got the Bishop's bunch and soft-soaped 'em until they couldn't stand without spikes in their boots; then neatly turned 'em over to me to take out to Arlington and Mount Vernon and down to Richmond. I steered 'em against historic monuments until my legs dropped off. Kept 'em out of town three days, giving the Senator a free field to handle the distillers and brewers, who are bigger game politically. He neatly dodged the vote on the bill and devoted himself to finding out what the President was going to do. He's sure the President will veto the bill, so he's making Nugent think he slew it with his good right hand. If it had been the other way he'd have made Somersby think he pushed it through. That's Honorable Queerenough from the ground up."

"How does he treat you, Billy?" Brisbane inquired incidentally.

"Same as everybody else. He can't help it. I spent a hundred and forty-four dollars taking the prohibitionists around those three days, and turned in a memorandum of it. Yesterday was my birthday." Bard went to the little secretary in the corner and returned with a large white Senatorial envelope, bearing Merchant's frank, and directed to himself at the Quirinal. This he handed to Brisbane, who extracted a note that ran:

"*Dear Billy:* Many happy returns of the day! I haven't had you by me this long without finding out that you deserve the success and happiness which, I believe, are coming to you in ample measure. Otherwise there is no virtue in loyalty, pluck and industry. Butcher the inclosed to make a Washington holiday!"

One inclosure was a check for twenty-five dollars. Another was a receipt from the agent of the Quirinal for two months' rent at sixty dollars a month. The third was a slip of paper with figures on it that made a total of $143.65.

"Do you see?" said the private secretary. "That's my expense-account for the prohibition jaunt. He makes me a birthday present of my own money, after carefully deducting two months' rent for his flat. He brought Bessie over here and showed her the flat and told her in that reckless Santa Claus manner of his just to move in; there'd never be any trouble about the rent. And there never has been. He takes it out of my salary."

"Still, he did give you a dollar thirty-five," said Brisbane soberly. "Probably an oversight."

"He'll get it back. Don't worry," said Bard gloomily. "When he offered me this job at two thousand a year I knew politics at home well enough, but was pretty green about Washington. So I imbibed the impression that paying me that salary would pretty near break him. Of course, as soon as I got here he had me appointed clerk of a Senate committee at a salary from the Government of $2200. He puts the odd two hundred in his own pocket. Why, Jim, he grafts from his wife! That's no hyperbole, you know; no flowery figure of speech; but a cold fact. He gives her $3000 a month to run the house on, and charges her up with all his own stationery and so on that the Government pays for. I honestly believe he gets up in the night and stealthily picks his own pockets."

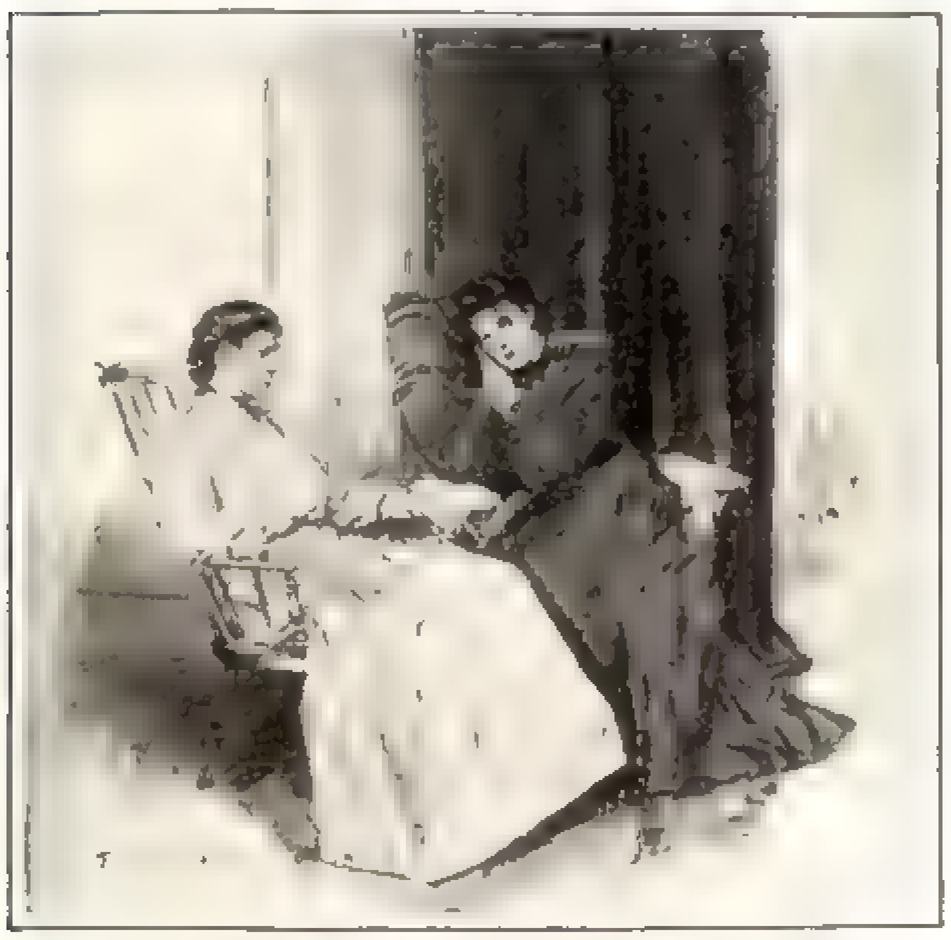
"Oh, sure!" Brisbane replied, as of a well-known fact; then abruptly: "It's pretty good out on the Little Stony nowadays, Billy. There's always plenty of salubrious air over the tall grass—and the good old boys with burs in their whiskers. Just chuck this and come home. You've got friends who'll give you a boost, you know."

Billy leaned over and took a pipe from the table, not filling it, however, but turning it in his hand with a nervous, abstracted motion. "I can't, Jim," he said, lower. "I suppose I made a fool of myself with the little newspaper out there. When it busted up I wanted to get away. Of course, there was something else. The boy died, you know, and Bessie was all broken up. I thought a change would be best for her. I don't know, Jim—I guess I made a mistake. The trouble all coming in a bunch, I simply shut my mouth and turned stony. It seemed to me the less said and the quicker we got away the better—for her."

He ended there, softly rubbing the bowl of the pipe and looking into the dead grate. Brisbane recalled the ducal aspect of the entrance to Bard's small, tar-scented, smoke-invaded abode; the flippant, gadding maid-of-all-work. There was still no hint of dinner about the place.

"Bessie likes it here?" he inquired cheerfully.

"Of course; there's plenty to occupy her," Bard answered indirectly. "The Merchants and their friends have been attentive to her. It's an easy place to make a front in with the right backing. Women like those things." He tossed the pipe to the table. "And old Queerenough makes it pay. Bessie and Janet Templeton went along when I ran the prohibition crowd out of town—to taffy the sisters and hypnotize the brothers. Oh, he never overlooks a bet! Having the family belong to the Queerenough thimbleriggers isn't just pleasant." He laughed mirthlessly. "I don't blame her, Jim—women being bunco-men by nature."



In the Midst of a Crisis, Awaiting a Denouement Which Completely Absorbed Their Minds

Again Brisbane spoke cheerfully. "Janet's flourishing, I suppose?"

"One of the queens of the pack," Bard replied, rather absently.

Brisbane picked up the pipe that had been tossed to the table and examined it thoughtfully. "I guess you had the best of it, Billy—falling in love and marrying early as you did. Maybe it's like measles—comes easy if taken early, but well-nigh fatal in maturer years." The pipe, for an ordinary brier, seemed greatly to interest him. "I had the ring bought once."

"You, Jim?" In spite of Bard's fondness there was a touch of amusement in his incredulous tone.

"I suppose it wasn't a square deal," Brisbane replied coolly. "She was a good deal younger—too young to be bound. So it didn't last, except by way of giving me a sort of inside interest in my friends' love-affairs. If it happens that I can boost 'em a bit in the right way, I kind of feel that I'm paying a tribute to her with such part of my being as isn't fat and bow-legged." He, in turn, laid the pipe back on the table. "So Janet's flourishing. Naturally she'd make the most of being a Senator's stepdaughter."

"Yes, she's flourishing," said Bard, with a mind on his own troubles. "She's a queen, if she is one of the thimbleriggers. That's what we all are, Jim—Queerenough's thimbleriggers! He's simply a huge, sticky flypaper, and you can't come near him without getting your legs tangled up." He glowered bitterly at the grate. "To see him, you know, with his glad and genial hand, making his pat, moral speeches; getting the country to take him for a statesman—great Scott, some people are talking of him for President! And then to know all his low-down, shifty tricks, that nobody ever catches him at, and his hypocrisy and snug, safe graft! It's got on my nerves. Some day I'll get up and speak out in meeting!"

Brisbane bent his fat body and laid a pudgy hand on the young man's knee. "Chuck it, Billy. Come home with me. Start over."

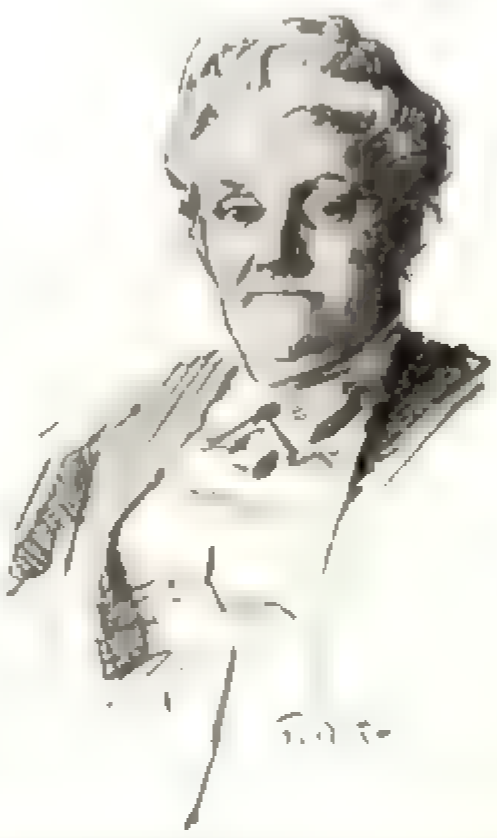
"I can't, old man. I'm in debt—to him, too. My legs are in the flypaper fast enough."

The other regarded him steadfastly. "Naturally, Billy," he said softly, "you wouldn't overlook the circumstance that, whatever Merchant is, you're his private secretary. If ever you feel that you've got to shoot at him, get outside of the breastworks first. Naturally, you'll keep that in mind."

A slow flush went over the private secretary's face. There was an odd, stricken look in his hungry, gray eyes. He was ready to say, under his breath: "Too late, Jim: I've shot already." But the outer door opened briskly.

Following instantly on the noise of the door there was a silken rustle in the hall, and, as though blown into the room on that light breeze, a woman entered.

"Mr. James T. Brisbane!" she cried in a gay, ringing voice, and swept up to him laughing. She was undoubtedly a pretty woman, with deep blue eyes, light hair, small, even white teeth, a graceful figure. As Brisbane's puffy palm closed over her neat glove he wondered how much her finery might have cost. He was hopelessly far from having even an approximate gauge—only he knew the figure bore no reasonable relation to a two-thousand-dollar income. In spite of her vivacity, he saw that she was tired. He felt in her the tension of highly-keyed nerves.



Lydia Anne Hinkley, that Paragon of Female Wisdom

"Just a half-hour ago an old friend was asking me if I had seen you," she said.

"My old college chum, Adelbert P. Merchant?" he asked.

She smiled brilliantly. "Your old college chum, Janet Templeton," she replied. "I suspect she wishes to see you."

Bard, who had not risen, laughed without joy. "You'll get your legs in the flypaper, Jim." Mrs. Bard ignored the sally.

Brisbane commented to himself: "Poor youngsters: they're up against it." Aloud he said, "You always were suspicious of me, Bessie."

### III

SENATOR MERCHANT was staring down at the telegram in a painful consternation. It said: "Have received in your envelope, addressed to me, the following." Here Bard's note to Bishop Somersby was quoted in full. "Must be some mistake." This was signed with Joseph Nugent's initials. The Senator's able mind, instantaneously supplied with data by his perfect memory, had taken in all the possibilities of the case the moment he read the dispatch. The unhappy stenographer, pale and agitated, stood at the end of the Senatorial desk. Bard sat stolidly by.

"Then you've sent Nugent's note to the Bishop," said the Senator to the stenographer. His look regretted the bygone rack and thumbscrew.

"Of course—I can't remember," faltered the culprit; and the Senator curtly bade him leave the room.

"You ought to have seen to the direction yourself," the great man added, warmly, to his secretary.

"But I never do, you know," reminded Bard.

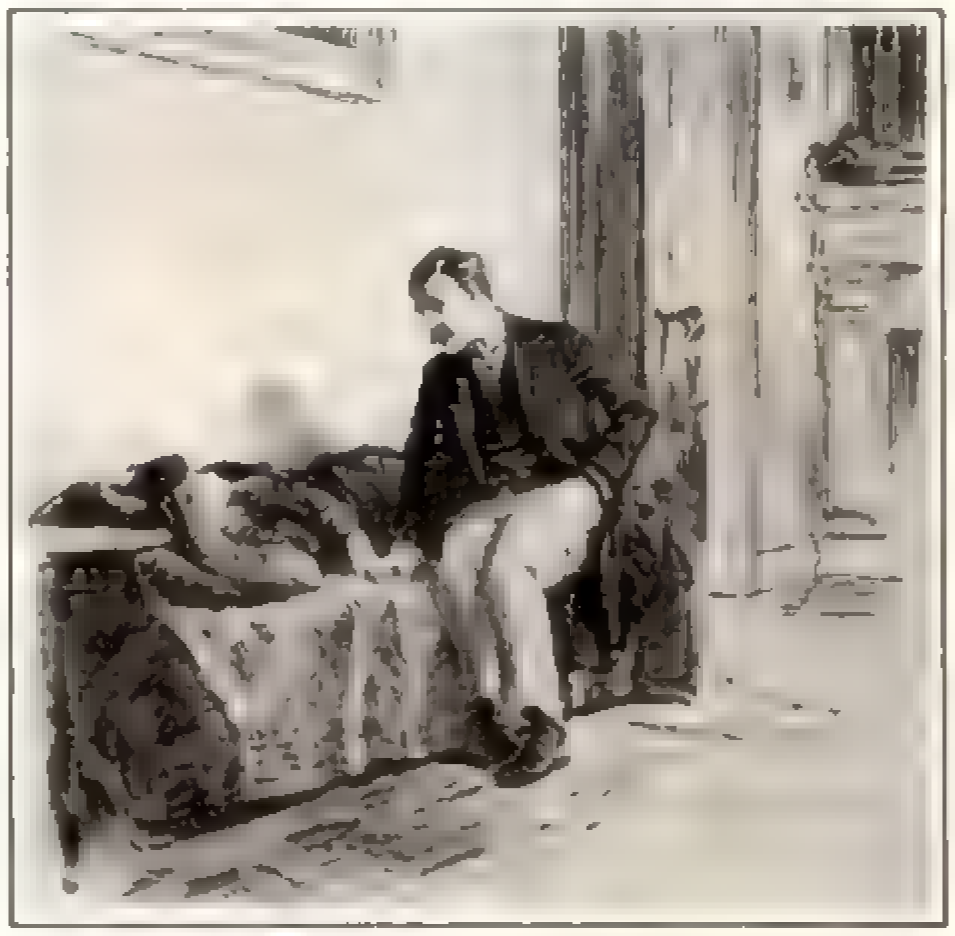
"But, William! See what a hole you've let me into!" By now the Senator's face had turned red and sweaty. "You know Somersby—a wild, bleating ass!" He cared nothing for his metaphors. "He'd ruin me. He'd publish the thing! He'd blat it out on the streets! And Lydia Anne Hinkley—a lunatic! She hates me now because I serve wine in my house. What can you do with people of that kind?" He turned a congested and perspiring countenance upon his secretary—not for information, however. "When is Somersby coming back?"

For the evening that the two letters were mailed Bishop Somersby had been called to a Pennsylvania hamlet by the death of a relative. Bard, reading the notice of his departure in the morning paper, had put it down as another instance of the Senator's infallible luck. For two days his mind had been subterraneously busy with the probability that the fatal white envelope was awaiting the Bishop at Lydia Anne Hinkley's.

The Senator applied a handkerchief to his damp brow and face. "We've got to get that letter back to-day," he said, without waiting for a reply, and the tone someway suggested a long, sharp knife in the dark.

"It won't be difficult," Bard replied apathetically. "Drive up there and ask for it—say there was a mistake—take another to leave in its place."

"Me?" said the Senator balefully. "I tell you she hates me! She's suspicious of me as an old cat—which she is. If she knew I wanted it back I'd never get it." He regarded the young man speculatively a moment. "We've got to find somebody she trusts—somebody that can go in and nose around and find the letter and leave another in its place. It would be like the old cat not to trust anybody that I could trust, too," he added with much bitterness, and tugged viciously at his grizzled chin-whisker.



He Sat on the Edge of the Couch and Told Her, Very Gently and Steadily, About the Mixed Letters

Abruptly he turned again to Bard with a bright dawning of hope. The same thought entered the minds of the two men simultaneously. During the personally-conducted historical pilgrimage of the prohibitionists, tactful young Mrs. Bard had made a complete conquest of Lydia Anne Hinkley. It was a standing joke among the conductors. With this thought in the mind of each, the Senator's hope-lighted eye encountered the eye of his secretary. For an odd moment something deep in each man looked in upon the depths of the other. What the Senator saw was impassioned, stern, forbidding. His wit was very nimble. He stroked the ruffled whisker soothingly.

"I must look around for somebody," he said calmly. "That's all for the present."

Bard did not have to wait for his wife that day. When he reached home he found her lying down, resting, as she often did on her vacant afternoons. He sat on the edge of the couch and told her, very gently and steadily, about the mixed letters. A dull color rose in his face. His eyes, bent down upon her, looked rather heavy. He moved his hand merely to touch hers, without a clasp.

"He isn't above trying to draw you into it," he said. "I want you to let it entirely alone, Bessie." His color deepened. "I'm coming home early. I hope you'll spend the evening here with me."

(Continued on Page 10)

# JOAQUISTITA

## Robert Henry's Own Story of His Captivity and Enslavement

### *IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH*

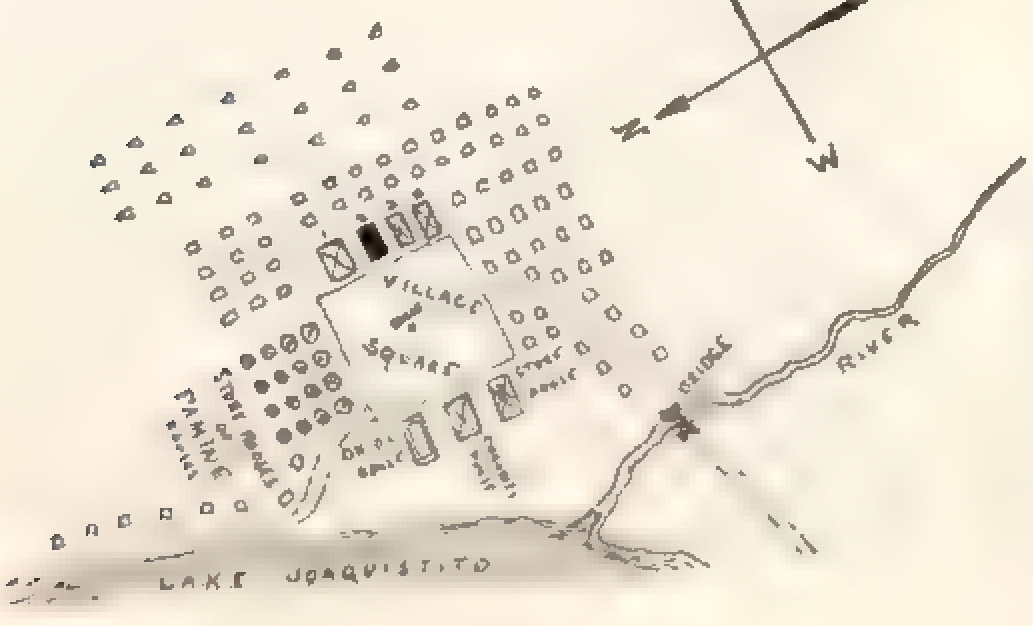
I NOW learned a thing which I had gradually begun to suspect: I was destined to fulfill the function of human sacrifice at the October corn feast which was now fast approaching. Father Joseph admitted that this was the case one evening in September after I had put the question flatly to him in such a way as to admit of no evasion. The good man, who, I believe, had come to regard me as a son, was much distressed at the awful news which he was obliged to impart. It appeared that he had interceded with Cohome for me repeatedly, but to no purpose, and the absence of white captives upon the plateau was now fully explained. It was a hard blow for me, for by this time my strength had entirely returned and life burned strong within me, but I told Father Joseph that I was not afraid to die, that I had never consciously wronged anybody, except Mackay and Senator Hearst, and was prepared to meet God with a clear conscience. That night he prayed for me a long time and gave me his blessing.

"Hands Up!"

Two days before the feast I was taken to the centre of the village and with thongs of deer hide tightly bound to the stake in a standing position with my hands behind my back. Here I was allowed to remain (for the sake of purification, I was told) for forty-eight hours without food or water. Around the stake in parallel circles were constructed frameworks of saplings upon which were hung festoons of vegetables as an offering to the god. Near the stake in the centre of the circle was placed an apparatus which looked not unlike a horizontal bar and from which hung heavy thongs. During the feast the warriors would take their knives and cut under the muscles of their arms and backs and thus suspend themselves by means of the thongs for an hour at a time.

According to tradition, the sacrifice most grateful to the Sun God was a white male captured in war. In default of such a one a virgin of the tribe of high rank could voluntarily offer herself. Father Joseph informed me that such was the blind devotion of these people to their inherited beliefs that it was regarded as a privilege and honor for a young girl thus to go to the stake, and that volunteers were never lacking. In this they were encouraged by their parents, the chief, and the shaman.

Map of Joaquistita Showing: Okio's House, Cohome's House, Store House, Famine Houses, 1—Father Joseph's House, 2—My Own House, 3—Juz's House, 4—Chapo's House, Tents △, Huts ⌓



But it was ordained that I should not meet death in this way. The corn feast was to be celebrated, beginning at sunrise, upon the twenty-third of the month of October. As I have stated, I was bound to the stake on the morning of the twenty-first. Here I remained in great agony from my bonds with only Father Joseph to comfort me until the evening of the twenty-second. The good man remained constantly by my side, offering me what encouragement he could, but not daring to attempt to give me any food.

Just after sunset I noticed a Mexican peon approaching from the direction of the lake, holding in his hand a piece of ore. He stopped and spoke to me, saying that he had seen many white men perish in the flames even as I was about to do. He told me that he was a native of Numeradios, near the city of Chihuahua, and had been in bondage over twelve years. I asked to see the ore which he carried and he held it up so that I could observe how rich it was. He said it was a fair sample of that taken from the mines of the western range. I asked if the percentage of silver recovered was very large and he replied that it was not. I then remarked that as a practical miner I knew that ore of that quality ought to run five hundred dollars to the ton. He said that, under their system of smelting, such a yield would be unheard-of, that all they did was to pour the ore into kettles and melt out the silver by building as hot fires as they could beneath, and that hot fires were hard to make. I laughed at this and said they needed a few Yankees to show them how.

Father Joseph, who had been standing near listening to our conversation, inquired if I was thoroughly familiar with improved methods of smelting, and when I answered in the affirmative I could see by his face that an idea had seized him. He hurried off and presently returned with Cohome.

The old chief questioned me closely about my knowledge of mining and sent for Pextl and Hengo, who also cross-examined me. Then Cohome inquired what kind of ore the Mexican had shown me. I answered at once:

"Tanky silver, which is known as gray copper ore."

"Can you increase the yield of our mines in silver?" he asked.

"I can swear to increase the amount of silver you smelt from your ore," I answered, "if you are burning it out under the old pan system."

"How much more?" said Cohome.

"Seventy-five per cent.," I answered on a guess.

"Very well," he replied; "do this and you will live, but if you fail your death will make burning seem a pleasure."

He then cut the thongs that bound me and tore them out of my flesh, in which they had been imbedded, so that I shrieked with pain. I fell to the ground and was again carried to the house of Father Joseph.

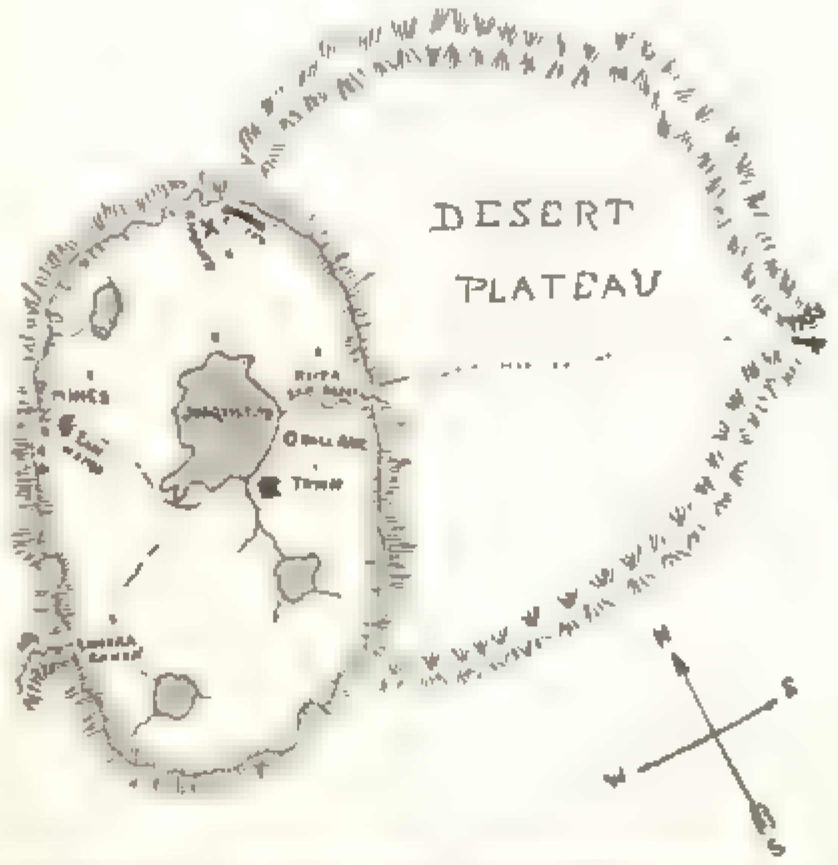
Early next morning I heard all the tribe gathering for the feast. I was still in agony from my wounds and in some fear lest Cohome should change his mind, but I crept to the door in order to see what I had escaped. The square was crowded with Indians in gala dress. The women had donned their earrings, fillets and blankets, and the men their buckskin trousers adorned with scalp-locks. Here and there one of them could be seen arrayed in civilized garments stripped probably from the dead body of a Mexican farmer. Some of the women had dresses secured doubtless in the same way, and I remember one old woman, the oldest of Cohome's wives, who had on a black silk dress covered with jet. There was something ghastly about seeing a descendant of the Aztecs wearing the finery of a murdered woman.

Around the stake wood had been piled to a considerable height and the frames had been hung heavily with vegetable offerings. At the base lay huge heaps of corn, beans and maize. I have seen a good many strange sights, but never one to equal this in its weird horror. It was the moment before sunrise and the ridge above the mesa was tipped with brilliant reddish light that turned the porphyry summits and conglomerate cliffs to purple, pink and yellow. Over the lake hung a light silvery mist, and peering through it was the faint disk of the setting moon. There was total silence as the tribe waited the advent of their god, who now suddenly peered over the mountain-ridge and the whole mesa glowed with light. The Indians dropped upon their knees and commenced to chant their hymn.

Then the curtain of Cohome's door was pushed aside and a girl, his youngest daughter, clad in a white cotton robe with a wreath of flowers about her head, stepped out and walked singing to the stake. Two warriors bound her to it, just as I had been bound the day before, and the fire was lighted. Not once did she cease singing or take her eyes from the rising sun until, without a cry, her head fell forward in death. Soon her charred body slid into the fire and was lost to my sight.

Meantime the Indians had continued their chanting, but now the men leaped forward and, led by the shaman, began to dance. Gourds of liquor were passed around and gradually the scene became one of fierce drunkenness. Only on these occasions is there the slightest intemperance. For them the women distill a sort of corn whisky of two varieties, like the mescal of the Mexican Indians, called the *dekella* and the *megaya*. The feast continued for two whole days and nights, while I, sick at what I had seen and feverish from my wounds, lay on my pallet, expecting momentarily to be dragged out and murdered. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and the next day the village had reverted to its normal state of order and sobriety.

As soon as I could ride I was taken on mule-back to the mines, escorted by Pextl and Hengo and four warriors, who thereafter acted as my constant guards. I found, as I had been told, that the mines were very rich and of great extent and that the method of smelting was of the most primitive sort, so that I was able to show the chief, as I had promised to do, how almost to double the amount of silver smelted by them. I am pretty sure that I managed to extract ninety per cent. more metal. The result was that I began to be regarded as a very valuable possession, and although my guard was continued I was given a cabin of my own and two



Sketch Showing General Location of the Following: 1 Town of Joaquistita, 2 Lake Joaquistito, 3 — Mines (Town of San Noma), 4 San Rafael River, 5 Sonora Cañon, 6 Cliffs and Mammoth, 7 — Desert Plateau and Pass (Escape) old peons to do my gardening and housework. I also became well acquainted with Cohome and was several times invited to accompany him on hunting expeditions. I took pains to please the old fellow, who was exceedingly intelligent, and I was soon very high in his esteem. He liked to hear about the cities of the north, the way people lived, of railroads, and particularly of the sea and ships. He also sent me daily choice pieces of venison, vegetables and fish. As I had no axe to grind and made myself agreeable to all the chiefs, my popularity was general, and to a certain degree I became, as it were, the fashion. The chiefs called me "Bobo," and invited me to meals and to smoke with them. I now found the life far from unpleasant. I was healthy, well fed, the climate was the most wonderful I have ever known, and the hunting was good. In addition, I was sufficiently occupied with the smelting, and found society in Father Joseph, and Cohome, Juz, Chapo, Pextl and the others.

One evening, in the presence of several other chiefs, Cohome laid his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Bobo, my son, you are a wise man and have seen all the tribes and lands of the world. Have you ever seen any land equal to this?"

"No," I replied, "for climate, game and mountains this is the best I have seen."

"Do you not find the life good?"

"Yes," I answered. "It is free and healthy and happy."

"Then why not abide here as one of us?" he asked.

I pondered a moment. Indeed, one could have gone farther and fared worse. At any rate, I thought I saw an opportunity.

"Chief," said I, "in my country if a man was looked upon as of sufficient integrity to take charge of a thousand men mining silver, it would not be thought fitting to surround him with guards like a bandit."

At this the other chiefs grunted in approval, and Cohome smiled and said:

"I have been thinking of that, and it is my intention to have you become a sub-chief of the tribe as is befitting your experience and wisdom."

Accordingly, next day the chiefs, of whom there were about twenty, assembled and Cohome addressed them. He explained my merits and knowledge, and further took the position that I belonged to him to a certain extent, since he had given his daughter's life that I might live. This idea created quite an impression and my election was carried without a single dissenting voice. Indeed, it would have done no good to dissent, as Cohome's will was practically law.

The ceremony of ordaining me as a chief was peculiar. I was placed upright with my arms outstretched at the end of the council house and each chief fired a shot at me, apparently trying to see how near he could come to me without hitting me. As they were all good shots, the performance, though rather unpleasant, was not particularly dangerous.

My guards were then removed, and in addition Cohome informed me that, as I was now a full-fledged Quistitan and a sub-chief, it was necessary for me to have some wives. How many did I want? I was entitled to eight. I thought that if I went into the thing at all I had better do it up brown, so I said I thought eight would be about the right number. So the old fellow assembled all the unmarried women of the village and picked out one of his own daughters, a sister of Chapo, and a daughter of Juz, as well as five others with whom I "snapped the twig," as the saying was. The women had no option in the matter.

I now began to see rather less of Father Joseph and more of the chiefs, although my relations with the priest were still of the friendliest character, and I learned a great deal about the surrounding mountains and the relics of antiquity that were to be found among them. One thing which I observed was that the Quistitans made use of the same little walls to terrace their farms on the mountainsides that one sees in ruins all through the Sierra Madre. They also smoked stone pipes curiously carved which had been handed down to them. On a cliff at the head of the lake a gigantic serpent was painted many feet in length, and at different other points in the valley were similar attempts at ornamentation. Some of these were clearly Aztec in character and depicted swords with teeth. Cohome said that these pictures had been painted by their ancestors, but that there were, unfortunately, no longer any artists living among them. He also inquired if I could draw, to which I replied in the negative, as I had no desire to go into the decorating business. I also discovered that Father Joseph had come to the plateau with another priest who had died soon after.

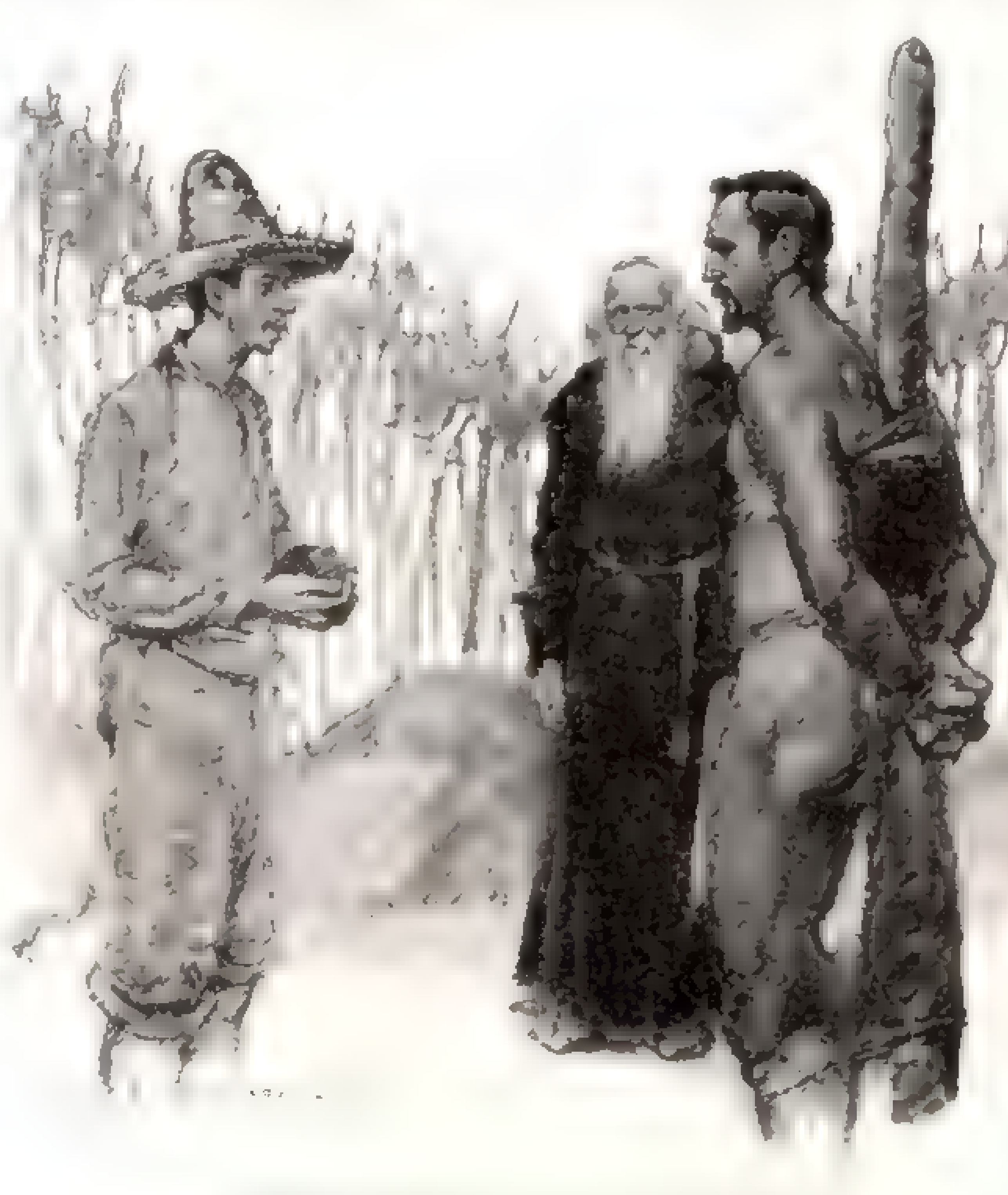
"Fray Jo is a good man," Cohome used to say, "but some one has deceived him. He is a little weak in the head. He says the dead rise. Did any one ever see the dead rise? He says we turn into birds when we die. This is child's talk. What do you think?"

"I think," I answered, "that Fray Jo is a very wise and good man. But strong-minded men are apt to disagree on such difficult topics. I am convinced that God will punish the guilty and reward the good."

This pleased the old man, for he had a secret but very great regard for Father Joseph. Evidently the good man's description of an angel was too much for the Quistitan imagination. I never told Father Joseph about the birds.

I found on examining the granite and marble of which the lower part of Okio's house was built that much of it was marble quartz which showed an oxide in which gold could be easily seen. No one could tell me where it had been procured.

I was also naturally curious to know whether or not the plateau was of volcanic origin, and one day found among the rocks some fossils of fish perfect in every detail. From this I concluded that at some time the whole country must have been elevated to its present height by some tremendous volcanic upheaval. When I showed the fossils to Cohome he laughed and said that they were nothing; that he would show me a big bone as large as a mule. So the next day we rode to the head of the mesa and, true enough, he pointed out to me, lying near a cliff, the skeleton of some prehistoric monster with curved tusks which really were about as long as a small mule. I have since seen similar tusks in the Museum of Natural History on Ninety-first Street, New York.



I Said They Needed a Few Yankees to Show Them How

I must now recount perhaps the most interesting of the episodes which occurred during my stay with the Quistitans. Cohome having invited me to go with him to his bull fight one afternoon, I found myself given a seat in his family circle beside one of his wives whom, up to that time, I had not met, at some distance from the chief himself. Suddenly the woman turned and said to me in English: "I am a Spaniard. I was educated at the College of Notre Dame, San Francisco. I am Anita, the only daughter of Governor Bachecco of Sinaloa." I could hardly believe that this was the very girl whom I had seen at the window of her father's house in Culiacan when I had appealed to him in behalf of my associates and myself several years before. As rapidly as she could, she explained to me how she had been captured, brought to the plateau, and compelled to marry Cohome. She had been on her way from her father's hacienda in Sinaloa to visit the mine formerly owned by "Boss" Shepard of Washington, at Batopilas, and, although accompanied by a strong guard of soldiers, her escort had all been killed and she herself carried away into the Sierra Madre. She had been in Joaquistita several years. Of course, she had heard of my capture and escape from death, and was on the point of telling me the names of other white men who had been sacrificed, when Cohome, observing that his wife and I were speaking in the English language, immediately ordered us to stop our conversation and never to talk to each other again in a language which he was unable to understand.

A year after I had made my escape I went to Culiacan and notified Governor Bachecco that his daughter was living with an Indian chief on the plateau. He had always supposed her dead and at first refused to credit my story, but becoming convinced of its truth offered me a large amount of money to equip a party, return to Joaquistita and effect her release. I knew that such a thing was totally impossible.

"Governor," said I, "do you remember once robbing me and my three comrades of the San Rosalea mine? I believe this is the way God has taken to punish you."

It seemed to touch the old Spaniard to the quick to think that his daughter was living as the wife of an Indian.

### FREE

I CONTINUED to live among the Quistitans, enjoying great freedom and upon the whole very happy. At times it seemed that perhaps, after all, I could not do much better than to live on this beautiful plateau for the rest of my life. But I was always on the lookout for a way to escape and maturing a plan to traverse the mountains to the eastward and cross the deserts of Chihuahua, where I believed that my experiences in Queensland, New Guinea and South Africa would serve me in good stead. Dona, my little mare, had been given back to me to ride, although, save when out hunting, I was never allowed a rifle. This was the only visible sign that I was, in fact, still a prisoner.

In April, at the sowing of the crops, there was another corn feast at which was sacrificed a white man, also a prospector like myself, who had been captured and brought to the plateau a week or so before. I used all my influence with Cohome to save his life, but to no purpose.

"No, my son," said he, "I cannot spare another daughter. It is time for a real sacrifice. Doubtless this is a bad man who is being punished for his sins." And he winked at me, as if recalling my religious beliefs.

I gave the prisoner what comfort I could, and on the morning of the corn feast retired to my house, but I was unable even there to shut out his cries as he was slowly burned to death. I was permitted to converse with him the night before the sacrifice and received messages from him for his family. This man was a native of Joliet, Illinois, John Turner by name. Turner's shrieks still ring in my ears.

I also witnessed a third corn feast the following October when another young girl, this time a daughter of Pextl, gave her life to the god.

As I had lived among the Indians over fifteen months, Cohome apparently concluded that I had no intention of attempting to escape, and conducted himself almost as a father toward me. In fact, he was my father-in-law, which must not be forgotten. Frequently he allowed me to assist him in distributing goods from the storehouse, and occasionally to give out arms under his immediate supervision. This enabled me at last to gain possession of a Colt .45 and a Bowie knife, which I carefully secreted in my bedding. I am confident that at least one of my wives knew of my intention to attempt to escape, but loyally remained silent. As I have already suggested, I had determined that the best course for me to pursue was to try to make my way out of the valley by way of the cañon of the San Rafael, and, if successful in this, to start straight across the deserts of Chihuahua to the eastward. There were several reasons in favor of this plan. First, the Quistitans would naturally suppose that I would try to escape by way of the cañon through which I had been brought there and to return through the mountains by the route which our party had originally followed. Second, by going via the San Rafael I should have water at least a portion of the way—a very important consideration. Third, I had reason to believe that I could reach the settlements in a shorter time by going to the east than to the west, and the railroad also lay in that direction. Fourth, the Indians were mountain Indians and their horses mountain horses, whereas I had had a great deal of experience in the desert, and Dona, my mare, who was to carry me, had been brought up and trained on the plains.

(Continued on Page 21)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 14, 1906

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year. In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union
Single Subscriptions, $3.25. In Clubs, $2.50 Each
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

## Mr. Carnegie and Humor

IT WAS Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, an Englishman, who propounded anew the ancient and altogether dreary conundrum as to whether English or American humor is superior. About the same time a number of British authors discussed Andrew Carnegie's proposal to endow spelling reform in a manner which ought to settle the question in favor of America. They took Andrew seriously. Nobody can do that and support any considerable claim to humor.

Several years ago, when the ironmaster publicly dedicated himself to the profession of getting rid of his money, he aroused an extraordinary interest. The thoroughgoing capacity which he had displayed in the obverse vocation of acquiring half a billion or so promised striking results in the restorative process. Besides, it was a novelty. Undoubtedly his intentions were honorable. He has worked hard and conscientiously at his new calling, diligently seeking to irrigate, from the copious stream of his regal income, as many promising bits of arid soil as possible. Perhaps he foresaw, early in the undertaking, that the utmost he could accomplish would amount to a mere incidental spattering—in which case he might as well dribble for a dandelion of Carnegie heroism here and a Johnny-jump-up of spelling reform there as empty the watering-pot to raise a single sheaf of wheat. He sticks manfully to the job. In his recent trip through the South he dutifully uncorked the can at most junction points and spilled a revivifying cupful, properly trade-marked. Meanwhile the delectable system which made him a multimillionaire still operates in unimpaired efficiency. The interest on his $300,000,000 of Steel Trust bonds is earned by a tariff which permits the Trust to charge consumers at home one-third more than it charges consumers abroad, and by a transportation scheme which gives it use of the national highways at preferential rates. The suggestion that this is made all right to the common man if one out of a million of him can get a bronze medal, for which he has no possible use, signifying that Mr. Carnegie deems him a hero, or by a faint promise of simplifying his orthographical difficulties, ought to be a conclusive test for humor.

Although expressing no opinion as to the rival claims of English and American humor, we maintain that the Scotch article is superior to both.

## Railroads in Politics

THE report of the Pennsylvania Railroad shows that gross earnings of the system for the year 1905 were $266,069,598. Add the Baltimore and Ohio and other roads in which Pennsylvania influence is admittedly dominant, and you have a total well toward half a billion. In short, a few gentlemen sitting in Broad Street headquarters administer an enterprise whose yearly receipts and disbursements nearly equal those of the National Government. By consulting a railroad map you will see that the operations of this enterprise are confined within that comparatively small part of the national domain lying between the seaboard and the Mississippi River, south of the Great Lakes, New York State and New England and north of the Ohio River. Within that territory it is the most important single enterprise going. Probably it is fair to say that its activities touch, in a direct and important way, more concerns and people than are so touched by all Government activities, Federal, State and local. In all of its parts it is, theoretically at least, a creation of law, and subject on all sides to the effects of political action.

We hear a good deal said about the activity of railroads in politics, the important part they take in influencing elections, shaping legislation, and so on. Perhaps we fall into a way of thinking that this powerful political activity is merely a symptom of incidentally bad conditions that will soon pass away, so that in time the political power of the Pennsylvania Railroad will consist of the handful of individual votes cast by the gentlemen up in Broad Street Station; that they will count for no more in politics than you and I. Then again, when we pause and reflect a moment, we know this is kindergarten poppycock. By the very terms of its being, so long as the Pennsylvania system exists it will be a mighty factor in politics. The political power that inevitably and incurably accrues to it through its ability to advance or retard the interests of great numbers of men—which, while it may be somewhat lessened, can never be eliminated—will always be administered like any other asset in the estate, by the handful of gentlemen in Broad Street, and they, consequently, will always count about one thousand politically when you and I count one.

## Government by the Lawyers

EARLY in the Senate debate on the railroad rate bill a number of more or less perfunctory speeches were made, dealing with such merely political features as the iniquity of rebates and the unrestrained power of the roads to make or mar the fortunes of individuals and communities. Naturally these speeches received very little consideration in the chamber itself. But later, when the issue was sifted down to its final values, the discussion took on a far different and more important character. Senators hung upon one another's words, and it appeared that what was said was having a real effect in shaping opinions which would finally be expressed in votes. The vital questions dealt with in this later, vote-shaping phase of the debate were: If Congress declared in the bill that a rate fixed by the commission should not be suspended by the temporary injunction of a circuit court (created by the same Congress) pending full judicial review and final judgment, would the declaration have any binding effect upon the court, and, if it did have such binding effect, would that render the bill unconstitutional and void?

Some of the ablest lawyers in the Senate rather opined that Congress had the power to enjoin the lower Federal courts from enjoining the commission by temporary, ex-parte order; but seemed embarrassed by a grave doubt whether the exercise of this Congressional power would not be unconstitutional. One hopeful view was that Congress could keep the lower courts from suspending the commission's rate, but couldn't keep them from suspending the penalty for refusing to put the rate in operation—thereby leaving it to the gentle discretion of the railroad. One is glad to learn, from a careful perusal of the debate, that there is scarcely any doubt that Congress has the power to regulate freight rates—only it is exceeding doubtful whether Congress can deposit this power anywhere except in the courts, where it is useless.

If we had a government by doctors instead of by lawyers, no doubt rate-regulation would finally be decided by a series of bacteriological tests.

## Taming the Octopus

NEW YORK and Chicago have gas octopuses which are replete with the most objectionable features of their breed—being grossly over-capitalized and chronically addicted to political activities of a deleterious nature. For a good while past the most noisome legislative scandals that have occurred at Albany and Springfield have been coincident with the appearance of bills that the respective gas trusts wished to have passed or killed. In both cities a great many people are looking to municipal gas works as the only possible relief. Just a year ago, Chicago, after long suffering a really intolerable transportation service, definitely adopted the difficult experiment of a municipal street-car system. In the twelve months that have elapsed since the election absolutely nothing has been done that brings realization nearer. The citizens have suffered another year of wretched service and the whole matter is to be voted on again at the spring election. An affirmative vote will put the advocates of municipal ownership about where they thought they were a year ago—that is, at the beginning of the undertaking. Meantime, within a few weeks, the Chicago City Council has passed an ordinance reducing the price of gas from a dollar to eighty-five cents, which has been accepted by the company and is already in operation; and the New York legislature has enacted a law reducing gas in the metropolis from a dollar to eighty cents. When it came to the test, this feat, in both cities, was accomplished with ease.

This suggests, on its face, a very decided advantage in taming and domesticating the octopus instead of seeking to destroy it. As a matter of fact, however, that spirit in the big cities which is turning receptively toward municipal ownership was responsible for the gas victories. People are weary of being exploited. They are inclining more and more to accept municipal ownership.

## The Vengeance of the People

NOTHING that has happened in a long time has been so impressive, so dramatic, as the fate which has lately overtaken those gentlemen who were chiefly concerned in the insurance scandals. In the Dark Ages such a fate would have been recognized as the direct vengeance of the unseen God, who at last had sent a bolt from a clear sky and blasted the evil-doers where they stood. Nowadays we call that bolt the force of Public Opinion. It is a form of social punishment that has been growing in power fast of late years. The chief agency by which it works is the press. Thanks to the activities of journalism, every man and woman in the nation has the power to judge—and condemn. And the verdict of these millions of private judgments gets itself registered, and with an irresistible impulse, like fate, exacts the penalty, ultimately. It is the only court that the big criminals are beginning to fear. In the force of this extra-legal power that lies in the popular conscience the safety of democracy rests.

But Public Opinion in its hearing of public causes depends pretty generally upon the daily press for the presentation of the case. At the best the daily press is an imperfect instrument, liable to prejudice and indirect influences. If the People are to sit in judgment and condemn the guilty to disgrace and even death, their sources of information should be above suspicion. Too often the newspapers misrepresent or ignore or suppress the facts. In the service of justice we need an absolutely fearless, honest and impartial daily press.

## If We Need the Money

THE Empire State has more trouble with its gambling than any other State because it has more of it. About a year ago it succeeded in attaching to the huge game in Wall Street what is professionally known as a "Kitty"—being a device whereby the landlord who furnishes the premises and police protection gets a very modest percentage of the stakes. In this case the State's "rake-off" consists of a small tax on stock transfers. This tax, however, does not reach bucket-shops, which eschew the formality of transferring the stocks that they take bets on. Recently the State, having no proprietary interest in the bucket-shops, has been considering an elaborate legislative contrivance to suppress them. This would be good business, for it would transfer their "game" to an institution in which it has an interest. At the same time, the Legislature was asked to withdraw the State's sanction from race-track gambling. The proposal evoked a warm protest from gentlemen said to represent the agricultural interests—for the race-gambling "Kitty" largely supports the county fair. We all love the county fair. The very name breathes honest industry and sweetly simple joys. It complements the little red schoolhouse and the old oaken bucket. It is difficult to say just why its support should be left to bookmakers and their touts. The case so stands, however, in most States. Only the other day the Supreme Court of New Hampshire upset the arrangement in that commonwealth, holding that, if the Legislature had power to remove the criminal liability for gambling on the racing association's grounds, it could as well authorize others to maintain places where murder and robbery might be committed without criminal liability. We would not advise New York or any other State to license homicide for revenue; but if they must have the "rake-off" why not go at it frankly and intelligently and set up State lotteries?

## Good Will—or Bad?

WHEN a business wishes to incorporate, it makes an inventory of its assets on which to base the amount of capital stock to be issued. At the end of the list comes the item of "good will." In the good old days that meant the value of the reputation established by the business for reliable products and fair dealing, trade-marks, and so on. Corporations still keep the substance of this item: it is convenient, though it doesn't mean exactly the same thing. To-day it covers with a decent ambiguity all the hopes of the promoters of an enterprise for rewards above the usual returns upon invested capital. The "good will" of the Steel corporation, for example, is represented by about half a billion of common stock; of Mr. Belmont's new traction corporation by one hundred and twenty-five millions additional water poured into a highly-diluted set of securities. There is something pleasantly ironic in the words "good will" as applied to this form of capital. The public pays, of course, for the "good will" every time that it buys an article furnished by a corporation with a long line of inflated securities to be cared for.

# MEN & WOMEN

## Taft's Real Ambition

"WHO is that large man over there who has not eaten anything but one string bean and a biscuit all night?" asked a Gridiron Club member, when that famous club was having fun with Speaker Cannon and his guests at a dinner given by the Speaker to the club.

"That," said another member, "is William H. Taft, Secretary of War."

Everybody laughed but Taft. It was too true to be funny to him.

We all cherish secret ambitions, Taft with the rest. One set of newspapers maintains his darling desire is to be the Republican Presidential candidate in 1908. Another set declares that he wants to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. These are reasonably exalted ambitions, eminently respectable and dignified. Taft may have one or both of them, but, even if he does, neither is the one nearest his heart. What Taft wants more than anything else is to weigh only 250 pounds. He is at the solemn task of gratifying that ambition now, and at it by all known methods of banting with a few extra physical tortures thrown in to help out.

Helen and Charlie Taft. Taken When Their Father was Governor of the Philippines

Taft's ante-banting weight—it can't be called normal—was about 320 pounds. He has fluctuated in that neighborhood for a long time, often ten or fifteen pounds above and occasionally that much below. Ten or twenty pounds more or less make no difference to a real fat man. The late Wilson S. Bissell, of Buffalo, who was Postmaster-General under President Cleveland, was the last important public servant so monumental. Bissell was not so tall as Taft, but he was thicker. He couldn't ride alone in a victoria without oozing over the sides on the wheel-guards. Bissell had special furniture made for his office. It had to be special, for ordinary chairs collapsed when he sat on them. Taft adopted the Bissell plans. His chair is trussed and buttressed and stiffened and cantilevered. Taft hopes he can cast it aside soon. He has no regrets because he is losing his weight distinction. Many men weigh 250 pounds, including a few statesmen. Taft was unique in the 320-pound class.

He appeared healthy enough and happy enough when he was at top weight, but he was only dissembling. The canker was gnawing in his bosom. He wanted to get thinner, wanted to get approximately sylphlike so he could ride a horse built on flowing lines instead of a Percheron or a Belgian coacher. One of his friends told him he looked like the rear end of a hack. That stung Taft. He tried to diet and backslid, tried again and again and backslid to starchy foods and sweets—the curse of the fat man—and the usual fat man's passion. His last few years have seen a series of fervent renunciations of bread and pie and potatoes and all that sort of food, and weak surrenders to the demands of his appetite. Now he is firm. He has made a martyr of himself and has set the limit of his martyrdom at 250 pounds. Poor chap! When he gets there he will be obliged to continue his struggle, for there is only one way to take off flesh, and that is to stop eating almost everything any one wants to eat—and only one way to keep it off, and that is not to eat. Taft has a gloomy future of lean beefsteak and spinach, but he is reconciled. He will not look like the rear end of a hack. That compensates.

When Taft was in the Philippines, as governor, he became ill. The Administration was much concerned, and had daily cable reports of his condition. After a time the reports began to be favorable, and one day this message came: "I am feeling so much better I was able to ride on horseback twenty-five miles into the mountains to-day."

Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, cabled in reply: "Glad you are better. How is the horse?"

That eight-thousand mile jest has the record as being the champion long-distance joke in our history.

Taft came back from his matrimony-encouraging jaunt to the Philippines last summer with a mountain of flesh on him. He rode every day on his large, square, sturdy steed, and gained. Then Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, came along. Spooner is not fat and he is not tall, but he has ideas about flesh-elimination. He told them to Taft.

"I know a man," he announced impressively, "who can take off that fat for you."

"Send him around," said Taft, in a moment of inspired courage.

The man came. He is a wise man, for he collected his pay in advance, knowing from long experience how frail is human nature, and especially obese human nature. If he had not collected in advance Taft probably would have quit. As he was obliged to pay and did so in the first flush of enthusiasm, the Secretary kept at it so he could get his money's worth. Serpents are dunces compared to these physical-culture people. The man put Taft on a diet and gave him some exercises. Taft began gayly enough. It was play at first. The novelty wore off, but he was game. Now—to hear him tell it—he dotes on it. It is a positive pleasure—he says—to get down on his bulging back and, at the command of the professor, "Inhale!" and "Exhale!"—until he is black in the face—and to kick his legs up over his head until they are ready to drop off.

The other Cabinet members joke him. He grins and eats his lean beef. When he arrives at his 250-pound destination he will be radiantly happy. He will give a dinner, probably, to celebrate and put back ten of the pounds before next morning.

Taft has been known as "Big Bill" ever since he got out of college. He is the sort of man one naturally calls "Bill." Nobody who knows him could call him William. He is cheery, frank and neighborly. He likes fun, loves and tells a good story, hates deceit and sculduggery and is as wholesome as he is hearty. If he ever goes on the Supreme Bench it will be hard for the lawyers to refrain from saying, "Now, Bill," when they are arguing before him, instead of "Your Honor, Mr. Chief Justice."

When Taft was a reporter on a Cincinnati newspaper, before he went into law and office, he went out one day and gave an editor a trouncing that is reverently spoken of in that city until this day. There was a paper in town that printed an article about Alphonso Taft, the Secretary's father, who was himself a Secretary of War in one of President Grant's Cabinets. Taft, the son, sent word to the editor that he would whip him on sight and then went where he was reasonably certain to see him. The editor appeared. Taft stepped in front of him. When they gathered up the editor he was so badly whipped that he was taken to a hospital. It was two weeks before they had him patched up so he could get home.

Taft is as big a man mentally as he is physically. He has great problems before him. He is responsible for the Philippines. He must dig the Panama Canal. He wants to reorganize the army. He faces a Congress that is hostile to some of his chief's plans. He works all the time, and he has to.

He takes the problems as all in the day's work. If he can get down to 250 pounds he will be content with whatever comes. Think of the exalted joy of weighing but an eighth of a ton! The glory of a Presidential nomination, the dignity of a Chief Justiceship are well enough in their way—but to weigh only 250 pounds! Why, he will not measure more than forty-six inches around the waist!

## A Silk Hat Job

THE late Beriah Wilkins, owner of the Washington Post, came to Washington as a Member of Congress and left a good many political friends in Ohio.

He was in his office one day several Administrations ago when a very seedy man came in. He was ragged and dirty, unshaven and generally woebegone.

"Beriah," he said, "I am down and out. I have lost everything I had, and I want you to get me some kind of a job."

Wilkins looked the man over and found he was a lawyer who had done him some service in Ohio. He said he would do what he could. "But first let me make you presentable," he continued.

They went to a barber-shop where the man was shaved and had a hair-cut and a bath. Then Wilkins took him to a clothing-store and bought him a complete outfit—frock coat, high hat, good shoes, shirt, collar and everything he needed. The change was marvelous. The Ohioan looked distinguished and prosperous in his new rig.

Next morning Wilkins took his friend to the White House and introduced him to the President. He told the President that this man had been of much help to him and he wanted to get him a place, thinking he might secure a clerkship of some kind.

"Are you a lawyer?" asked the President.

"I am," said the visitor.

"All right," said the President, "I will make you chief justice of one of the Territories."

"But—but ——" stammered the surprised Ohio man.

"Shut up!" commanded Wilkins, and the fellow subsided.

The appointment was made and the man served out his term. Wilkins said he got the place solely on his high hat.

## Sky-High Finance

THOMAS LOWERY, who owns railroads and street-car lines and banks and sawmills and newspapers out in Minnesota, needed two million dollars once to finance one of his development plans. He made arrangements to borrow it of a New York bank.

He left Minneapolis one night, shut himself in a stateroom and rode to New York, working out some of his details and not paying attention to anything that was happening.

When he reached the metropolis he went to the bank and was shown into the president's office. He found that financier reading a newspaper. "What does all this mean, Lowery?" asked the banker.

"What does what mean?" inquired Lowery, who hadn't seen a paper for two days.

"Why, two banks failed in Minneapolis yesterday and it is said that others are in bad shape. It looks as if we couldn't let you have that money. What does it mean?"

Lowery was flabbergasted. He thought very rapidly. He must have that money. "It's just this way," he said, taking a turn around the room. "Reminds me of a story about a fellow who wanted to take out a life-insurance policy. He made his application and the doctor was examining him.

"'What did your father die of?' the doctor asked.

"'Typhoid fever.'

"'And your mother?'

"'I don't know.'

"'But you must know. We have to have that fact. What was the disease?'

"'I don't know, doc,' he said finally, after much thought; 'I don't know, but, doc, it was nothing serious.'"

Lowery got his money.

## The Hall of Fame

¶ Vice-President Fairbanks is a thrifty man. He has a pearl gray fedora hat he bought two years ago and he thinks he can get through the coming spring with it.

¶ The naming of a baby after the President does not get a photograph from him with an autograph any more. The President found it was costing him too much for photographs.

¶ Senator John Kean, of New Jersey, introduced the red necktie to the Senate. Since that time he has made two converts: Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, and Senator Newlands, of Nevada. All others wear dark ties

¶ Accurate tab has been kept on Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, since he arrived in Washington, and nobody ever saw him without a cigar in his mouth, or in his hand, just ready to be put into his mouth, except when he was at a state function or dining, and then he always smokes between courses.

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# PLAYER FOLK

Clyde Fitch

## A Dramatic Rose

TO ANY one who has seen Clyde Fitch conducting rehearsals it is evident that he spares no effort to attain the precise effect he has in mind. He himself says that he finds rehearsals a greater tax on his strength than the original writing of the piece. What he has in mind he can put on paper; but it is not so easy to make the common run of stage people embody it.

Now and then, however, he finds an actor who understands instinctively what he is aiming at, and who brings him as much as he gives. After the production of The Girl Who has Everything, he was full of praise for Miss Eleanor Robson.

"She is like a rose," he said. "You have only to hold it in the warmth of your hands, and it opens out to perfection!"

## Maid Marion

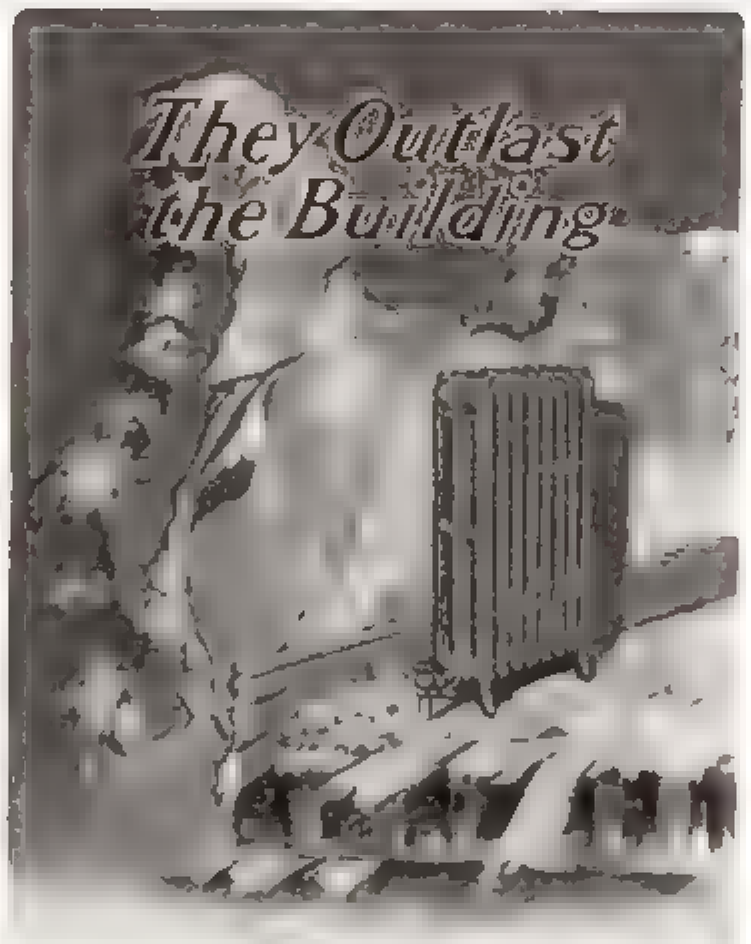
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS tells this story on himself. His friend, Mr. Marion Verdery, who is president of the Southern Society of New York, had asked him to speak at the annual dinner of the society, and Mr. Bargs had accepted. But on the evening of the dinner he was too ill to go out, so he telegraphed his apologies to Mr. Verdery at Delmonico's. Late that night Mr. Bangs' telephone rang. Mrs. Bangs went to the receiver and was told that a telegram had just been received for her husband. She asked to have it read off, but the lady at the other end refused, saying that the message was to be delivered to Mr. Bangs personally, and, though told of Mr. Bangs' illness, stuck to her decision. So the invalid put on a wrapper and struggled down to the receiver.

"In answer to your telegram to Delmonico's," said the astute hello-girl, "the clerk telegraphs back that there is no lady of that name in the house."

## An Unfalstaffian May Irwin

MAY IRWIN fully deserves her title of the American Falstaff on the score of her humorous jollity; but she has none of Fat Jack's disregard of the conventional moralities. When Bernard Shaw's Man and Superman began its tour of the country she saw it for the first time, and at the end of the much-discussed first act she went behind the scenes and unbosomed herself to a friend of hers who was playing one of the leading parts. The friend pointed out that it had had one of the most successful runs of the season in New York, and had called forth only an occasional serious denunciation, being almost universally enjoyed and very generally praised. In New York, Miss Irwin answered, such things might be possible; but the country at large had not yet sunk so low. These remarks were made more in sorrow than in anger, and they were received in the same spirit.

In her judgment of the public Miss Irwin has already been proved in error. A few angry and outraged people have demanded their money back; but in Washington,



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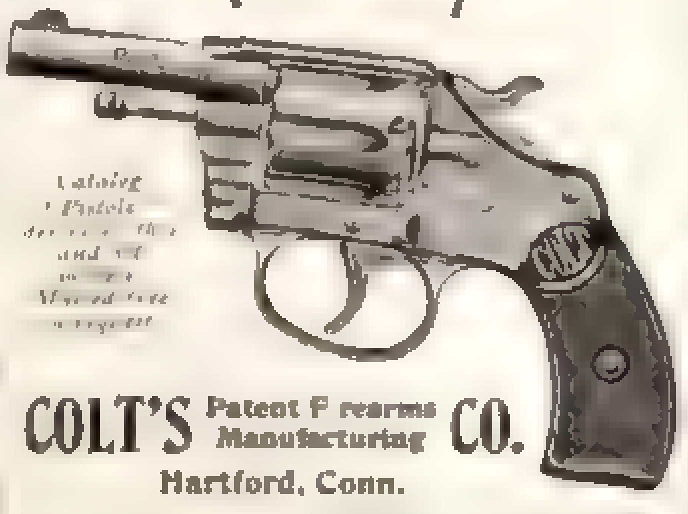

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National Cloak & Suit Co.
119 and 121 W. 23d Street, New York City.
Mail Orders Only No Agents or Branches Estab. 18 Years

Latest Model Style 312

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

This new style contains our very latest improvements, including the "Duplex Treble." The tone quality is delightful, the action touch light and responsive, and the case design chaste and beautiful. In size, price, artistic qualities and architectural beauty this model will appeal to buyers of refinement.

WRITE US.

Upon receipt of your address we will mail our new catalogue, containing large pictures and [illegible] descriptions of our Grand and Upright Pianos, and if no dealer sells them in your locality we will quote prices [illegible] "Easy Payments," send a piano for trial in your home, etc.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
103 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON.

Shur-On Eye-glasses

[illegible] no ugly spring — but they also improve [illegible]

All shapes at all opticians. [illegible] on the mounting. Any broken part of

mountings replaced free

within one year by any optician in the United States

Valuable book free

"[illegible]" is full of information on the care of the eyes. [illegible] free

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO., Dept. B
[illegible] N. Y.

Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Harlem the play has already scored a success almost as great, relatively, as on Broadway. And it is perhaps not necessary quite to despair of the morals of the Republic. Bronson Howard has illumined the subject with his usual solid sense and acumen. When one or two lines of the first act were repeated to him, he said he could not imagine any audience standing for them. But, when he saw the play, the reason of its success became clear. The one thing an audience can be relied upon to respond to is genuine and obvious sincerity. If the lines had been spoken for the mere sake of the laugh they would have deserved reprobation, and would have got it. But as it happened they were spoken at a vital crisis by a man who was heart and soul in earnest. He regarded it a sign of the essential delicacy of the public that it largely recognized this.

### Drink and the Actor

CLARA BLOODGOOD has very decided views on the subject of strong drink. For the most part she succeeds in keeping them to herself, but there are occasions upon which, as she expresses it, the spirit of her Quaker ancestors is too much for her. One of these was the recent death of a young actor, a friend of hers and an artist of the greatest promise, who was weakened and finally killed by the use of stimulants.

The temptation, Mrs. Bloodgood says, is particularly strong for an actor, because success depends upon his power of a brief period of enthusiasm and the vivacity and force of his presence. But even though an actor is very far from being drunk, an audience instinctively feels the difference between real magnetism, which is the product of genuine health and vitality, and any artificial stimulation. When an actor goes on a debauch the result is far worse, for the excesses of even a few hours are generally followed by a much longer period of reaction. Frequently she has known actors of great natural health and magnetism to lose all grip on their audiences for two and even three days as the result of a single night of stimulants. As for habitual intemperance, it is certain in the end to bring absolute ruin, and the more speedily the finer and more temperamental the actor.

Mrs. Bloodgood named half a dozen men who, though artists of a very high order, and still in what should be their prime, have met with failure after failure. In some cases their intelligence is as great as ever, and their methods as artistic, but their faces have become heavy and coarse, and the public has ceased to find in them that stimulation of a vigorous and healthy personality which is so large a part of the legitimate delight in acting.

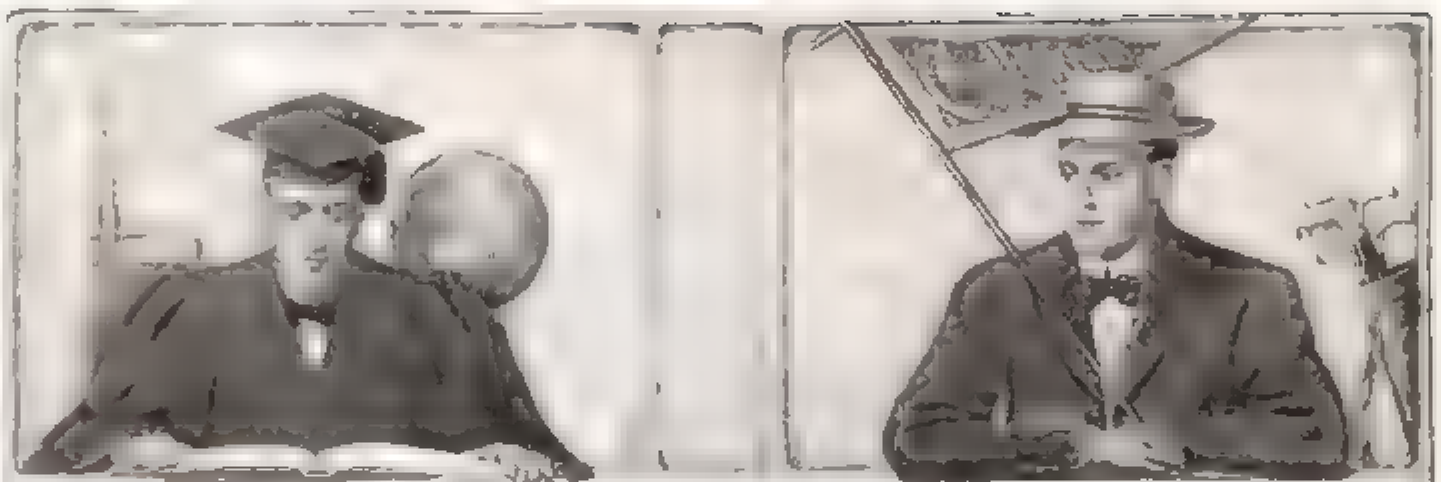
"You can't overwork old Mother Nature," Mrs. Bloodgood concluded. "The more you try to, the less she does for you." Then she concluded with a finely feminine observation: "It's like crimping hair that has a natural curl. By-and-by it flattens out like a bunch of tow."

### Scalping the Critics

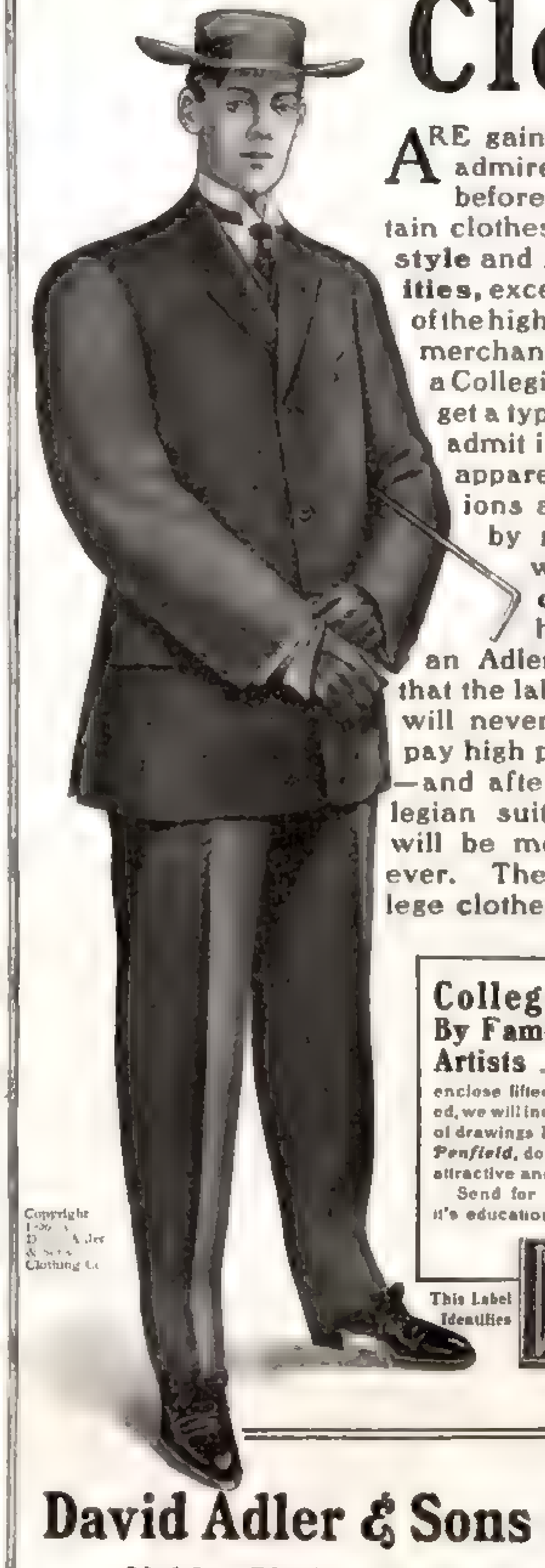
MR. WILLIAM A. BRADY'S nightly curtain speeches breathing vengeance upon the critics who had made fun of his poetico-romantic drama, The Redskin, were for the most part received as what Johnson called a contribution to the gayety of nations; but there was one occasion when the critics had a moment of trepidation. "If I had the nerve," he is reported as saying, "I'd send that band of real Indians down into Newspaper Row to do a little real damage among the funny newspaper men."

Well, there had been a first night in a neighboring theatre, and after the performance a party of them gathered on the subway platform in Times Square, awaiting the train to take them down to Newspaper Row. Suddenly, with a rustle of wampum, a swish of feathers, and occasional grunts and guttural exclamations, Mr. Brady's band of real Sioux trooped into the station. It was a spectacle of truly barbaric awe. The Indians swung up to where the pale-faced critics were standing—among them the very man who had aroused the particular ire of Mr. Brady and his company by referring to them as cigar Indians.

For one brief moment there was a rising of hair on scalp-locks. Then the train rumbled in, and critics and redskins parted to board separate cars. The Sioux were on their way home after the evening's performance



Adler's Collegian Clothes



Copyright 1906 David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.

ARE gaining hundreds of new admirers every day. Never before was it possible to obtain clothes with so much **real style** and **good wearing qualities**, except perhaps from a few of the high-class and high-priced merchant tailors. You can buy a Collegian suit at **$12 to $30** and get a type of style that you will admit is **your idea** of nobby apparel. The Spring fashions are now being shown by retail clothiers everywhere. Go to **your dealer** today and ask him to let you try on an Adler Collegian suit—(see that the label is on the coat.) You will never again be willing to pay high prices for your clothes—and after you've worn a Collegian suit for a season you will be more enthusiastic than ever. They are the typical college clothes of America.

**College Posters By Famous Artists** We will send you free our latest book of correct Spring & Summer Clothes —*illustrated*. And if you *wish* to enclose fifteen cents to show you are interested, we will include some beautiful reproductions of drawings by *Harrison Fisher* and *Edward Penfield*, done in six colors on heavy paper—attractive and appropriate for framing.

Send for the Style Book in any event—it's educational.

This Label Identifies Collegian Collegian Clothes

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Nobby Clothes Makers, MILWAUKEE.

# Straight From the Shoulder

*SINCERE—"Same in reality as in appearance; unfeigned; genuine; frank; honest; true*

Webster's definition of the word "sincere" is equally applicable to SINCERITY CLOTHES.

Truth often *hurts*;—but truth more often *helps*.

It is our intention to give you facts about clothes making "*Straight From The Shoulder*."

Cloth can't be *stamped* out by machinery as metal is—because cloth is *variable* in texture.

Different Operators get different results with the same cloth;—so every garment *ought* to receive Individual treatment.

Defects are bound to occur in the process of making, and the finished garments from the tailors' hands are often found very imperfect.

* * *

Now with about 80 per cent. of clothes makers, the Hot Flat-Iron comes into play at this stage.

It is the ready *Cure-All* of the clothing business.

With the Flat-Iron, a *slack* seam is shrunken up or a *tightness* stretched out,—this answers the purpose for the time being,—but these defects are only *masked* by this method.

It is the cheapest way to "doctor" garments—but it does not remove Faults—*permanently*.

For, after the garment is worn on a damp day, this Flat-Iron "faking" *wilts* out, just like the work of the Curling-Iron.

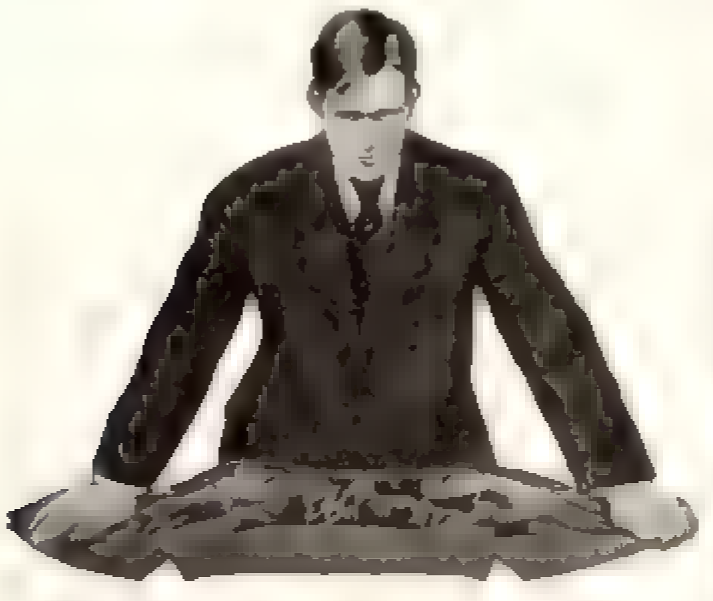
That accounts for the multitude of shoulders that become humpy and sloping,—

—Collars that set away from the neck or bind too tightly—

—Lapels that set away from the collar—

—Sleeves that twist, and pinch up under the arms—

—Coat fronts that wrinkle crosswise under the arms from slack seams.



SINCERITY CLOTHES are *not* "doped" by the Hot Flat-Iron. Nothing but the Shears and honest, Hand-Needle-Work will *permanently* restore the imperfections of the garment due to mistakes in the making;—and that is the way we make SINCERITY CLOTHES,—by careful, *hand-revision*.

But Needle-Work is the most *costly* thing in clothes-making, next to expert designing and materials.

—And, that is why "Old Dr. Goose,"—The Flat-Iron—is called in by so many clothes makers, to administer his quack remedy.

* * *

One good test of a Sincerely made Coat is this:—

Lay it out on a table, as shown in the picture, and you will see that the *outer edge* and *turn-over line* will lie perfectly straight.

If the Flat-Iron has given shape to the Collar, you will find these lines *curved* and [illegible].

In making SINCERITY CLOTHES by *Hand-Revision*, there is no need of Flat-Iron "faking," and—you will find that a SINCERITY Suit or Overcoat requires little or no pressing during its life, because of this "Sincerity" in tailoring.

* * *

Now if this Shape-Retention and Style-Insurance seems worth investigation or worth having in *your* clothes, Mr. Reader; it is also worth asking for. It's up to you.

The label of the SINCERITY Clothes Makers, reads as follows:—

**"SINCERITY CLOTHES"**

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

**KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.**

**CHICAGO**

*Send a 2 cent stamp for "The Test."*

# THE BACK OF THE THRONE

(Continued from Page 9)

He was asking a pledge, taking security of her. She, too, colored, looking up at him; but she did not answer. She had never told him all about her relations with the Merchants. Good-natured Mrs. Merchant had been having some of her dear, poor young friend's gowns put on her own bill. Bessie had not mentioned it to her husband.

Bard's engagement called him from the Queerenough directly after the early dinner. He returned at half-past eight. His wife was not there.

There had never seemed to be any one particular moment when he could lay his hand tangibly on the difference between them and put it right. Now it came to him overwhelmingly that the flypaper, in spite of its superior adhesive quality, had been drawing them far apart. The tangible moment had arrived—in an ugly and forbidding aspect. He believed the Senator had sent her about his sneak-thievery. Standing alone in his ridiculous little flat—which seemed mysteriously full of wreckage—he remembered a merry girl who had evoked all the passionate will to cherish and protect of which the man in him was capable; also some other things, including a small, still, white, cold form. He fought down the choking lump in his throat as well as he could. He wanted to be perfectly square with her—giving her all the benefit of the circumstance that he was pretty well tarred with the same stick, and had introduced her to it. Only, of course, he had expressly told her to keep out of this. That was rather conclusive. In a completely mechanical way he then recalled that the Merchants were at a Cabinet dinner that evening. Naturally, it would have been through his stepdaughter that the Senator had reached Bessie. Perhaps it was odd that he had no anger against Janet Templeton. He left the flat with the shadowing sense that he was walking to a final catastrophe.

The Senator's house was modestly withdrawn from the opulent competition of Dupont Circle, yet neighborly and knowing to it. The mansion was plainly, soberly substantial without and rich within—for, in the matter of his own residence, the Senator had as nice an eye to the strong points of the game as he had in making the Quirinal very showy below and shabby above. It was a well-ordered house. The private secretary was admitted at once, as a matter of course, and found his own way to the apartment where Miss Templeton and his wife were. They sat in a far, snug corner, which managed to give an effect of cozy intimacy though it was still surrounded by wide spaces open as daylight—open as the Senator's bland smile.

The two women were not surprised to see him. There was no embarrassment. They received him in an emotionless, abstracted, matter-of-course way—very much as watchers by the newly dead look up apathetically when a figure passes through the room. He saw instantly that they were in the midst of a crisis, awaiting a dénouement which completely absorbed their minds. It passed to him, and he sat down, quite as though he understood, and waited like them. He mentioned vaguely that the evening was warm.

Bessie looked at him in her abstracted way. He looked back, seeing over and over the girl—and the other things. Janet Templeton reclined in a tall chair, her fine, nervous hands resting on its arms. She was richly dark, with eyes almost black. But better than her eyes was her mouth, which was humanly, charmingly too large and so saved her from being a bit formidable. Twice she moved her hands to look at her watch. Each of them was aware that somebody would have to say something in a minute.

Then, in the deep silence, they heard the front door. Janet leaned forward, acutely listening, arose with an eager motion and took a bit of her red lip between her white teeth. Bard heard his wife's low sigh, and saw Brisbane stump bow-leggedly into the room. He advanced rapidly and dabbed his steaming face with a limp handkerchief.

"I thought I'd melt in that closed carriage," he explained cheerfully. "It's certainly proper hot." He glanced at Janet alone and sat down, deliberately folded and pocketed the handkerchief; then looked slowly from one to the other.

¶ When the President of a Well-known Corporation found the carbon file-copy of an important letter so blurred in correcting that he couldn't prove whether he "*did*" or "*did not*" agree to do a certain thing—he declared in disgust: "Even the mussy, slow-going letter press is preferable to carbon-copy *inaccuracy!*" ¶ It was just then that a "Y and E" man happened in. ¶ "Let me put in a "Y and E" Letter Copier on thirty days' free trial"—he proposed. ¶ The "Y and E" Copier came, and *it stayed!* And note this: It produced *facsimile* file-copies, infinitely *Clearer* and *60 per cent. Cheaper* than carbon copies, and in *half the time* required to insert second sheets, etc. ¶ What we demonstrated to him, we want to show you!

"Y and E" Copying Paper is a [illegible] [illegible] ONLY [illegible] CENTS [illegible] 20 lines and sheets, per 1000 letters.

A [illegible] on 30 days' free trial [illegible] that [illegible] save 60 PER CENT. of your present copying expense.

¶ May we not mail you "Y and E" Copier Catalog 337, Sample of Work; and Special Free Trial Offer?

*Write or phone us!*

NEW YORK [illegible] Broadway
CLEVELAND [illegible] Superior Ave. N. E.
PHILADELPHIA [illegible]
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SAN FRANCISCO 635-639 Mission St.
CHICAGO 138-140 Wabash Ave.
ST. LOUIS 821 Locust St.
BOSTON 68 Franklin St.
WASHINGTON [illegible]
PITTSBURGH [illegible] Liberty Ave.
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Look up our Local Phone Numbers

Special Agencies in Leading Cities

**Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.,** Main Factories and Executive Offices **Rochester, N. Y.**

Easy to Remember, "Y and E"

Stands for Simpler Filing Methods

"Y and E"

THERE is SOLID
COMFORT in a PIPE
QBOID

If you smoke

**QBOID**

The ORIGINAL Granulated Plug.

**Will Not Bite the Tongue**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Money Refunded To Any Dissatisfied Purchaser

If your dealer does not carry QBOID, send money or stamps, and we will mail any size package postpaid, at the following prices

1⅔ oz., 10c; 3⅓ oz., 20c; 8 oz., 45c

Address LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY Richmond, Va.

**Allen's Foot=Ease**

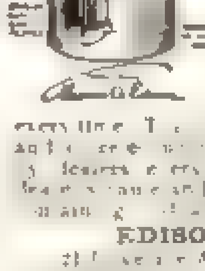
**Shake Into Your Shoes**

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

FREE Trial Package sent by mail

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



**Perfect Ignition for Gas and Gasolene Engines**

[illegible] with the Edison Battery and [illegible] Batteries deliver [illegible] current [illegible] spark every time. This combination obviates ignition troubles. [illegible] sparking device. Sold by dealers everywhere. [illegible]

EDISON MFG. CO.

[illegible]

**NEW MAP OF TEXAS**

Sent free to prospective land buyers. Address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Secretary Farm Land Development Co., 277 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

**Cigar Bands** for Decorative purposes. We mail 100 assorted, 1 beautiful center piece, 1 yard trimmings and directions, 25 cents, 5 packages, one dollar. Stamps or money order. ROYAL NOVELTY CO., 763 E. 32nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Registered Trade Mark

FLAT
CLASP
ALL
SILK

**BRIGHTON**

**Flat Clasp Garter**

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web, not mercerized cotton. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.

*Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.*

Treasures of the Lumber-room

"An unlikely place to find treasures?" Rummage and see.

Along with trunks, headless dolls and odd ments, go pieces of furniture—too shabby to use, too good to throw away.

There they lie for years, out of sight, out of mind. Dust them off and look them over.

Maybe you find a chair, so old fashioned that it would be at ease only in a junk shop.

"One leg is rickety." Glue will fix that.

"It is scratched." Try enamel, stain, varnish, polish—whatever is needed.

"But the upholstering is torn. If one could but afford leather it would be a triumph!"

You can afford something better—

Pantasote
LEATHER

which looks so like real leather that the ghost of a calf couldn't tell it from its own skin, and wears as well. It is wonderful, and as beautiful as it is [illegible].

"[illegible]" you object, "it comes in the piece, does it not?"

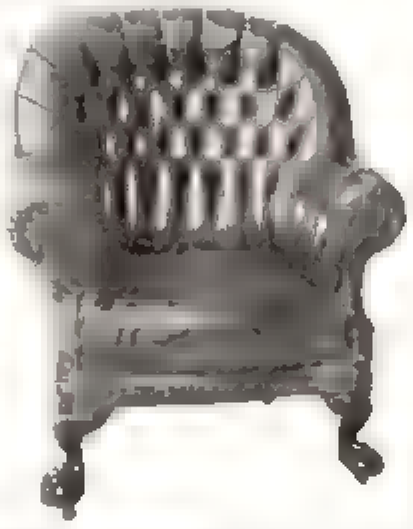
True, and when you know its value, that's how [illegible] want it.

We have for sale, as practicable samples, [illegible] of Chair Seats (Mo[illegible]) which gives you the amount of material you want, making the cost very small for chairs that need re-upholstering. We [illegible] on receipt of price, and name of upholsterer, the following Chair Seat Squares, [illegible] inches, 25 cents; 25 x 25 inches, 50 cents; 27 x 27 inches, 70 cents; and 30 x 36 inches, $1.00.

That makes it possible for anyone to test it for next [illegible] and the old chair from the lumber-room may grace the parlor and be the choicest bit of furnishing.

Pantasote is [illegible] bright, handsome, easily cleaned, [illegible] and waterproof. Under friction it gets that fine lustre of old natural leather so much admired.

When buying goods by the yard look for the word PANTASOTE embossed on selvage edge every [illegible], for protection against [illegible]. [illegible] Accept no furniture as covered with PANTASOTE from your dealer or upholsterer unless it bears our trade-mark label as shown below. Do not accept his "Just as good" theory—insist upon PANTASOTE.



*The above illustrations represent two of the many handsome effects in Pantasote leather furniture to be seen at our show rooms, 26 W. 34th Street, New York City.*

**If you want an artistic treat** send for our new Catalogue, which contains the story—

"The Old Man in the Coach"

**profusely illustrated in 10 colors by leading artists.** It gives particulars, prices, and includes sample of the material, exact tints from which to select. It also includes cuts showing the handsomest and most extensive line of leather covered furniture, giving prices and details of each piece. Just write us and it will be sent postpaid. The number is limited. Write today. You will be delighted. Address

Pantasote Furniture.

The Pantasote Company
Dept. S
11 Broadway, New York

**NOTE**—*The correct answer to the conundrum appearing in our advertisement of March 3d is* "Lot's Wife." *To all those who sent correct answer before April 1st we will express, prepaid, the Pantasote Chair Seat as advertised.*

"It reminds me," he said, "that it's spring out on the Little Stony. The woods must be green by now. There's a lot of peace on earth and good will to men in the tall-grass country in the spring."

Miss Templeton, standing, loosely clasped her slender hands. "Jim—you didn't succeed?" Her low voice seemed not only to forgive him for it, but to love him, too.

Brisbane's deep-set brown eyes twinkled gravely up at her.

"I've done an awful deed, Janey," he replied soberly, and they began to feel the loathness of a man to whom humor is infinitely precious to let go of it. "I've put the 'come-alongs' on Lydia Anne Hinkley." He hung to it for another miserly moment. "At the ripe age of forty-four, that paragon of female wisdom missed by the skin of her teeth being the eighth living spouse of a gentleman who sometimes delivered temperance lectures during the closed seasons for bigamy, forgery, arson and gold bricks. As it happened, I was that same saving skin; and could cite book and page if so disposed. It brought the letter." He took from his inner pocket a fine white Senatorial envelope, bearing the Merchant frank and addressed to Rev. John Wesley Somersby, in care of Lydia Anne Hinkley. "This is among ourselves, on honor, children," he added. "You know there's always a way to save every situation—except your own."

Miss Templeton, standing before him with tightly-clasped hands, said slowly: "I knew you wouldn't fail. You don't fail, Jim." Most astonishingly she reached forth her slim hands, put one to each fat cheek, and so uptilted Brisbane's homely face that she could look deeply down upon it—pug nose, knobby brow, bald spot and all.

"The man inside isn't altogether squat and bow-legged, Janey. You always gave me the fullest allowance you could for that," he replied simply.

Her hands dropped back to her sides, and he arose. "You're off the sticky flypaper now, Bessie," he said. "You too, Billy, if you're minded to get off. You've got friends that will stake you. It's pretty good out on the Little Stony."

Bard was hardly thinking of his own affair. Something else filled his heart with a kind of awe. "You knew—about it?" he questioned, when he and his wife were in the hall.

"Janet told me this evening, after she'd sent him," she replied, in almost his own subdued, wonder-charged tone. "It was a good while ago. She loves him—yet ——" It was hardly necessary to explain further, knowing Janet and Brisbane.

"Billy, Mrs. Merchant had Janet send for me. I suppose I'd have had to go after the letter if Jim hadn't got it. Will you take me home—back to the Little Stony?"

The awe of the other unfulfilled love clarified their hearts. "We'll go home, Bess," he said, under his breath, indifferent that a footman was staring at the way they looked at each other. "We've had enough of this flypaper business."

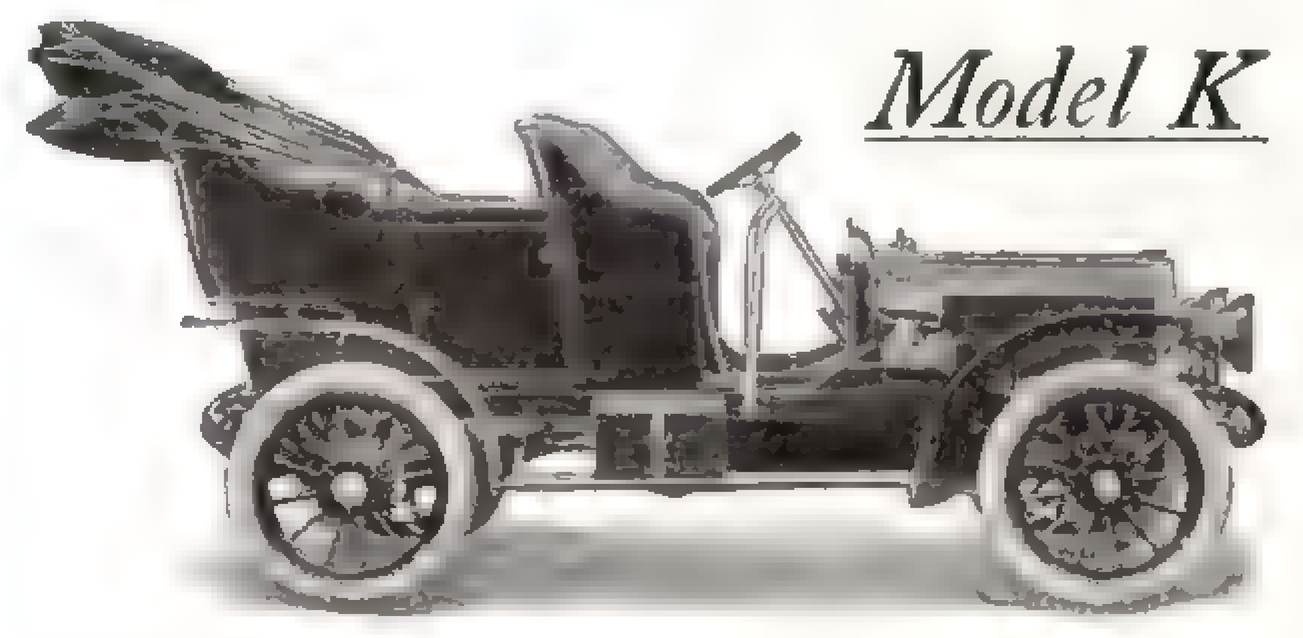
## Electric Lettuces

THERE is reason to expect that before long new and improved kinds of lettuce will be on the market. The Government Plant Bureau has been engaged recently in crossing some of the cultivated varieties—a thing hitherto supposed to be impossible—the most important object in view being to secure types that are specially adapted for growing under glass.

What is wanted is lettuce that will ripen quickly, head readily, and be proof against diseases. Already a number of new types of superior excellence have been obtained and "field trials" have been made of some of them, the best plants being picked out for the purpose of propagation. Hitherto gardeners have been obliged to depend altogether upon such selection for the improvement of their lettuces, but the opportunity of breeding them will open up new possibilities.

It is an interesting and rather curious fact that lettuce is the only electric crop, so to speak, that is commercially successful. For a number of years past lettuces have been grown by the help of electric light, which is made to supplement the sunshine of short winter days so effectively as to render possible the raising of three or four crops under glass during the cold season.

The Plant Bureau is also making crosses of superior foreign varieties of tomatoes, with a view to securing types better adapted for forcing than those now on the market.



Model K

WINTON Reserve-Power

THE life of a Cannon is 100 Shots.

So say Military Experts and Government records.

[illegible] life of a motor may be estimated in similar manner, at so many Piston strokes and Revolutions of the Crank shaft. Why not?

Now a Motor that must turn up 1200 revolutions per minute to produce a road speed of 30 miles an hour is *wearing out* more than twice as fast as a Motor making the same road speed with 600 revolutions per minute. Why not?

And, there is the *distorting* influence of *Heat*, in high speed revolution, to consider, as well as the *Wear* from friction.

Don't forget that the piston of a *Single-Cylinder* Motor must *work* twice as *often* to produce 600 revolutions per minute, as the *two* alternating pistons of a *Double* Cylinder Motor must work.

That means *twice* the Wear on each Piston and Cylinder—half the *Life*, per mile traveled.

In this same way a *Four-Cylinder* Motor divides the *Work* and the *Wear* of driving a single Crank shaft at a given speed, into *one fourth* the effort for *each* Piston, *each* Cylinder, and *each* set of Valves that would be required from a single-cylinder [illegible].

* * *

[illegible] *that* [illegible] a *year's* Mileage!

Now the Winton Model K is what many call a "Surplus-powered" Car.

But there can be no such thing as *Surplus-power* in a Motor Car.

"*Reserve*-power" is the correct term.

And "Reserve-power" may, of course, be used to obtain a *racing* road-speed or track-speed.

But it has *other* and *better* uses.

"Reserve-power," of the Winton Model K kind, translates into ease of operation, *long-life* durability, coolness of bearings in regular running, economy of lubricant, minimum wear on bearings, on valves, and on friction parts.

It means all *these*, through the fact that a "Reserve-powered" Car, like the Winton Model K, can make a satisfactory road-speed with *one-half* to a *fourth* the number of piston strokes required by other cars to produce the same road-speed.

That's one advantage in "Reserve-power."

Another vital advantage in "Reserve-power" is discovered and appreciated, when you want to climb a steep hill, on the *high speed gear, without shifting a lever* to [illegible]-speed gear.

Or, when you have a heavy load of passengers to carry over a very bad road, and want to make good *time* over it without inviting any of the Party to walk or push the Car at critical places on the [illegible].

Or—when you feel it is your religious duty to take the vanity out of some Motorist who wants to *pass* you on the road,—Ah, *that's* the time you glory in the splendid *Reserve-power* of your Winton Model K, which permits you to walk away from the Vain glorious [illegible] and put him back in the dust-clouds, where he wanted to put you.

Thirty Horse-power, or better, delivered *direct* to the big Driving Wheels with minimum loss in Transmission. That's the Winton Model K equipment.

Worth more than a 40 Horse-power Motor would be with the *usual power-wasting Transmissions* and with the usual faulty system of Lubrication.

Winton Speed is controlled by Compressed Air—on somewhat similar principle to the Westinghouse Air Brake system as used on Express trains.

[illegible], and dispenses with all need of several Speed levers in regular running.

Because, the Winton Pneumatic Control gives you a graduated Speed *range* of from 4 miles an hour to its maximum speed, by the simple pressing of your right foot on a soft spring pedal.

The more you press, the faster you go.

The less you press, the slower you go.

Take your foot off the pedal altogether and the Winton Car automatically stops, if you wish it to stop that way.

* * *

Then you can start the Winton Model K again *without leaving your seat* [illegible] by simply shifting the Spark lever with your thumb and pressing down Speed pedal a little with your right foot.

In eight years of constant use the [illegible] Winton Pneumatic [illegible] has not once [illegible] an Emergency.

Our book, "The Motor-Car Dissected," tells all the details and explains why.

The Winton Model K has
30 H.P. [illegible]
4 Cylinder Vertical Motor.
Cone-Clutch "Velvety" Transmission.
Winton-Twin-Springs, self adjusting [illegible] loads or heavy loads.
34 inch Best Pneumatic Tires.
Superb Tonneau, dashing Style, and thoroughly tested materials!

Price, $2,500, and only one model made this year.

Write for copy of "The Motor-Car Dissected."

The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. M, Cleveland, Ohio.

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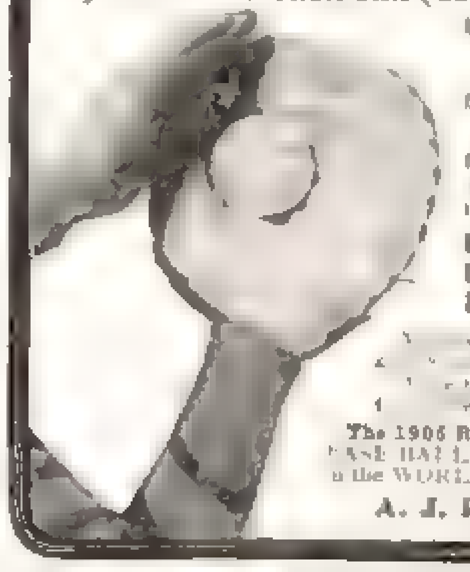
A new ball, mitt or glove or your money back

If you find a Reach ball (costing $1 or more), mitt or glove (no matter what the price) unsatisfactory in any way, send it back and get a new one.

That's what the **Reach trade-mark** means, and we want everybody to hold us to it.



Reach base-ball goods embody the ideas of the star players, are carefully made from the best materials and rigidly inspected at various [illegible]. If after all this, any defects develop, it is to our interest to know it and we want you to tell us.

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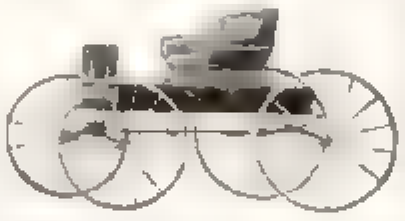

Equipped with 1906 style Automobile Seat, Solid Rubber Tires, [illegible] Dash, Roman Bike-Gear, Drab Whipcord Upholstering; Split Hickory [illegible] 30 Days Free Trial [illegible] Catalogue Free. Write

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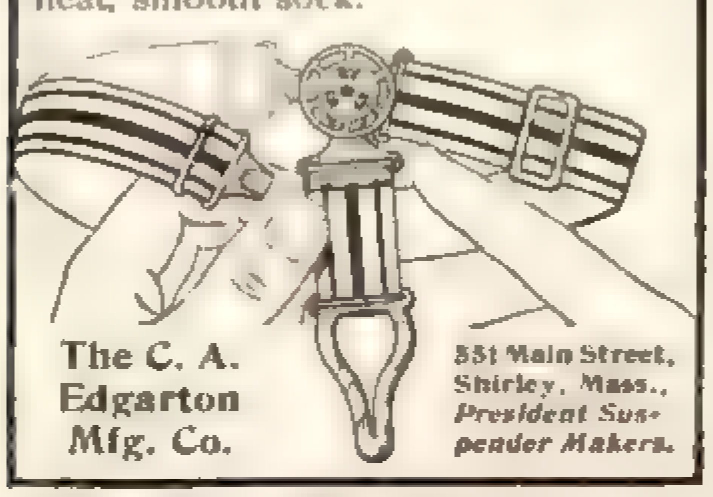

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Niagara Hydraulic Engine Company, 140 Nassau St., N. Y.

# The Incomplete Amorist

*Continued from Page 7*

faces felt cold, like the faces of dead people. She shivered.

"Heaven knows what I should do without you to—to bring my—my roses to," he said.

"Do you bring me anything else to-day?" she roused herself to ask. "Any news, for instance?"

"No," he said. "There isn't any news—there never will be. She's gone home—I'm certain of it. Next week I shall go over to England and propose for her formally to her stepfather."

"A very proper course!"

It was odd that talking to some one else should make one's head throb like this. And it was so difficult to know what to say. Very odd. It had been much easier to talk to the Inward Monitor.

She made herself say: "And suppose she isn't there?" She thought she said it rather well.

"Well, then, there's no harm done."

"He doesn't like you." She was glad she had remembered that.

"He didn't—but the one little word 'marriage,' simply spoken, is a magic spell for taming savage relatives. They'll eat out of your hand after that—at least, so I'm told."

It was awful that he should decide to do this—heart-breaking. But it did not seem to be hurting her heart. That felt as though it wasn't there. Could one feel emotion in one's hands and feet? Hers were ice-cold—but inside they tingled and glowed, like a worm of fire in a chrysalis of ice. What a silly simile!

"Must you go?" was what she found herself saying. "Suppose she isn't there at all? You'll simply be giving her away—all her secret—and he'll fetch her home."

That, at least, was quite clearly put.

"I'm certain she is at home," he said. "And I don't see why I am waiting till next week. I'll go to-morrow."

If you are pulling a rose to pieces it is very important to lay the petals in even rows on your lap, especially if the rose be white.

"Eustace," she said, suddenly feeling quite coherent, "I wish you wouldn't go away from Paris just now. I don't believe you'd find her. I have a feeling that she's not far away. I think that is quite sensible. I am not saying it because I—and—I feel very ill, Eustace. I think I am—oh, I am going to be ill, very ill, I think! Won't you wait a little? You'll have such years and years to be happy in. I don't want to be ill here in Paris with no one to care."

She was leaning forward, her hands on the arms of her chair, and for the first time that day he saw her face plainly. He said: "I shall go out now and wire for your sister."

"Not for worlds! I forbid it. She'd drive me mad. No—but my head's running round like a beetle on a pin. I think you'd better go now. But don't go to-morrow. I mean I think I'll go to sleep. I feel as if I'd tumbled off the Eiffel tower and been caught on a cloud—one side of it's cold and the other's blazing."

He took her hand, felt her pulse. Then he kissed the hand.

"My dear, tired, jasmine lady," he said. "I'll send in a doctor. And don't worry; I won't go to-morrow. I'll write."

"Oh, very well," she said, "write then—and it will all come out—about her being here alone. And she'll always hate you. *I* don't care what you do!"

"I suppose I can write a letter as though—as though I'd not seen her since Long Barton." He inwardly thanked her for that hint.

"A letter written from Paris? That's so likely, isn't it? But do what you like. *I* don't care what you do!"

She was faintly, agreeably surprised to notice that she was speaking the truth. "It's rather pleasant, do you know," she went on dreamily, "when everything that matters suddenly goes flat, and you wonder what on earth you ever worried about! Why do people always talk about cold shivers? I think hot shivers are much more amusing. It's like a skylark singing—up—close to the sun, and doing the tremolo with its wings. I'm sorry you're going away, though."

"I'm not going away," he said. "I wouldn't leave you when you're ill for all the life's happinesses that ever were. Oh, why can't you cure me? I don't want to want her: I want to want you."

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The delightful finish, delicacy of tint and acknowledged correctness which characterize AUTOCRAT papers have created for them an enduring popularity among those women who recognize and appreciate a really fine correspondence paper.

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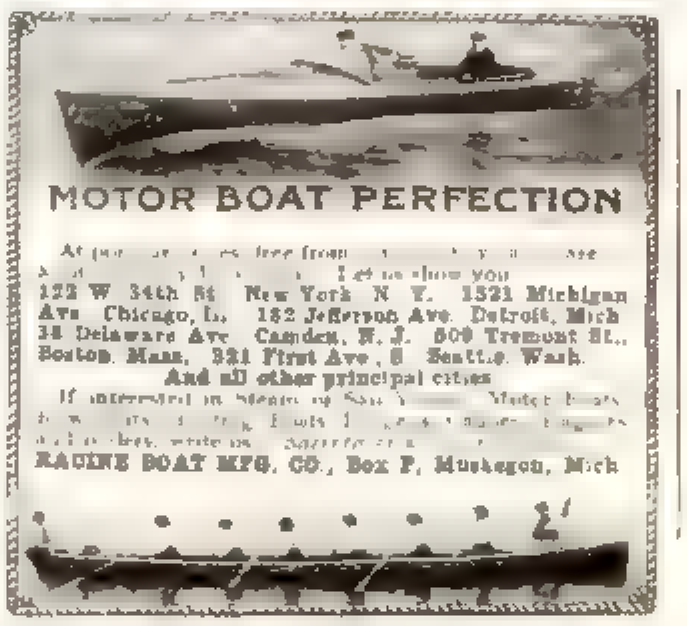

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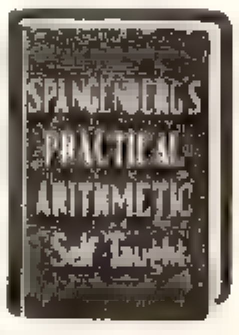

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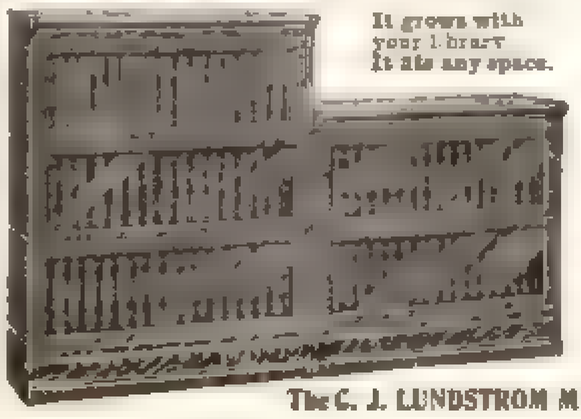
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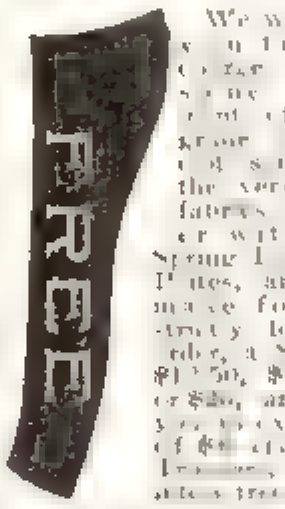

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References: Our 1,000,000 [illegible] of the Milwaukee Ave. State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock $[illegible]

Print Your Own Cards
[illegible] Press $5. Small newspaper Press $18. Money maker, saver. All easy, printed rules. Write to factory for catalogue of presses, type, paper, cards, etc
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

"I'm certain," said Lady St. Crave brightly, "that what you've just been saying's most awfully interesting, but I like to hear things said ever so many times. Then the seventh time you understand everything, and the coldness and the hotness turn into silver and gold and everything is quite beautiful, and I think I am not saying exactly what you expected—don't think I don't know that what I say sounds like nonsense. I know that quite well, only I can't stop talking. You know one is like that sometimes. It was like that the night you hit me."

"I? *Hit* you?"

He was kneeling by her low chair holding her hand, as she lay back talking quickly in low, even tones, her golden eyes shining wonderfully.

"No—you didn't call it hitting. But things aren't always what we call them, are they? You mustn't kiss me now, Eustace. I think I've got some horrid fever—I'm sure I have. Because, of course, nobody could be bewitched nowadays, and put into a body that feels thick and thin in the wrong places. And my head *isn't* too big to get through the door—of course I know it isn't. It would be funny if it were. I do love funny things—so do you. I like to hear you laugh. I wish I could say something funny, so as to hear you laugh now."

She was holding his hand very tightly with one of hers. The other held the white roses. All her mind braced itself to a great exertion as the muscles do for a needed effort. She spoke very slowly.

"Listen, Eustace. I am going to be ill. Get a nurse and a doctor and go away. Perhaps it is catching. And if I fall through the floor," she added, laughing, "it is so hard to stop!"

"Put your arms around my neck," he said, for she had risen and was swaying like a flame in the wind. The white rose-leaves fell in showers.

"I don't think I want to, now," she said, astonished that it should be so.

"Oh, yes, you do!" He spoke as one speaks to a child. "Put your arms around Eustace's neck—your own Eustace that's so fond of you."

"Are you?" she said, and her arms fell across his shoulders.

"Of course I am," he said. "Hold tight."

He lifted her and carried her, not quite steadily, for carrying a full-grown woman is not the bagatelle novelists would have us believe it.

He opened her bedroom door, laid her on the white, lacy coverlet of her bed.

"Now," he said, "you are to lie quite still. You've been so good and dear and unselfish. You've always done everything I've asked, even difficult things. This is quite easy. Just lie still and think about me till I come back."

He bent over the bed and kissed her gently.

"Ah!" she sighed. There was a *flacon* on the table by the bed. He expected it to be jasmine. It was lavender water; he drenched her hair and brow and hands.

"That's nice," said she. "I'm not really ill. I think it's nice to be ill. Quite still do you mean, like that?"

She folded her hands, the white roses still clasped. The white bed, the white dress, the white flowers. Horrible!

"Yes," he said firmly, "just like that. I shall be back in five minutes."

He was not gone three. He came back and—till the doctor came, summoned by the concierge—he sat by her, holding her hands, covering her with furs from the wardrobe when she shivered, bathing her wrists with perfumed water when she threw off the furs and spoke of the fire that burned in her secret heart of cold clouds.

When the doctor came he went out by that excellent Irishman's direction and telegraphed for a nurse.

Then he waited in the cool, shaded sitting-room, among the flowers. This was where he had hit her—as she said. There on the divan she had cried, leaning her head against his sleeve. Here, half-way to the door, they had kissed each other. No, he would certainly not go to England while she was ill. He felt sufficiently like a murderer already. But he would write. He glanced at her writing-table.

A little pang pricked him and drove him to the balcony.

"No," he said; "if we are to hit people, at least let us hit them fairly." But all the same he found himself playing with the word-puzzle, whose solution was the absolutely right letter to Betty's father, asking her hand in marriage.

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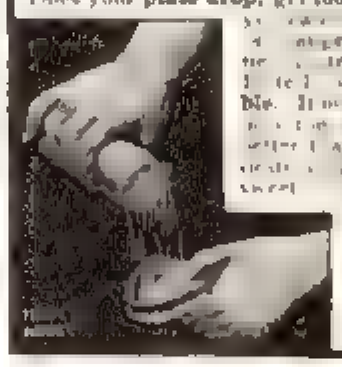

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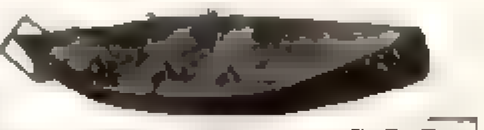

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King Folding Boat Co. 673 W. North St. Kalamazoo, Mich

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Desk G, 95 Washington St., Chicago, Ill

"Well," he asked the doctor, who closed softly the door of the bedroom and came forward, "is it brain fever?"

"Holy Ann, no! Brain fever's a fell disease invented by novelists—I never met it in all *my* experience. The doctors in novels have special advantages. No, it's influenza—pretty severe touch, too. She ought to have been in bed days ago. She'll want careful looking after."

"I see," said Vernon. "Any danger?"

"There's always danger, Lord—Saint-Croix, isn't it?"

"I have not the honor to be Lady St. Craye's husband," said Vernon equably. "I was merely calling, and she seemed so ill that I took upon myself to——"

"I see—I see. Well, if you don't mind taking on yourself to let her husband know? It's a nasty case. Temperature is 104. Perhaps her husband 'ud be as well here as anywhere."

"He's dead," said Vernon.

"Oh!" said the doctor with careful absence of expression. "Get some woman to put her to bed and to stay with her till the nurse comes. She's in a very excitable state. Good-afternoon. I'll look in after dinner."

When Vernon had won the concierge to the desired service, had seen the nurse installed, had dined, called for news of Lady St. Craye, learned that she was "*toujours très souffrante,*" he went home, pulled a table into the middle of his large, bare, hot studio, and sat down to write to the Reverend Cecil Underwood:

> *My dear Sir:*
>
> I have the honor to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage. When you asked me, most properly, my intentions I told you that I was betrothed to another lady. This is not now the case. And I have found myself wholly unable to forget the impression made upon me last year by Miss Desmond. My income is about £1700 a year, and increases yearly. I beg to apologize for anything which may have annoyed you in my conduct last year, and to assure you that my esteem and affection for Miss Desmond are lasting and profound, and that, should she do me the honor to accept my proposal, I shall devote my life's efforts to securing her happiness.
>
> I am, my dear sir,
> Your obedient servant,
> EUSTACE VERNON.

"That ought to do the trick," he told himself. "Talk of Old World courtesy and ceremonial! Anyhow, I shall know whether she's at Long Barton by the time it takes to get an answer. If it's two days, she's there. If it's longer, she isn't. He'll send my letter on to her—unless he suppresses it."

There is nothing so irretrievable as a posted letter. This came home to Vernon as the envelope dropped on the others in the box at the Café du Dôme—came home to him rather forlornly.

Next morning he called with more roses for Lady St. Craye, pinky ones this time.

"Miladi was *toujours très souffrante.* It would be ten days, at least, before Miladi could receive—even a very old friend."

The letter reached Long Barton between the Guardian and a catalogue of Some Rare Books. The Reverend Cecil read it four times. He was trying to be just. At first he thought he would write "No" and tell Betty years later. But the young man had seen the error of his ways. And £1700 a year——!

The surprise-visit with which the Reverend Cecil had always intended to charm his stepdaughter suddenly found its date quite definitely fixed. This could not be written. He must go to the child and break it to her very gently, very tenderly—find out quite delicately what her real feelings were.

Miss Julia Desmond had wired him from Suez that she would be in Paris next week—had asked him to meet her there.

"Paris next Tuesday, Gare St. Lazare, 6:45. Come and see Betty via Dieppe," had been her odd message.

He wrote a cablegram to Miss Julia Desmond: "Care Captain S. S. Urania, Brindisi. Will meet you in Paris." Then he thought that this might seem to the telegraph people not quite nice, so he changed it to: "Going to see Lizzie, Tuesday."

The Fates that had slept so long were indeed waking up and beginning to take notice of Betty. Destiny, like the most attractive of the porters at the Gare de Lyons, "*s'occupait d'elle.*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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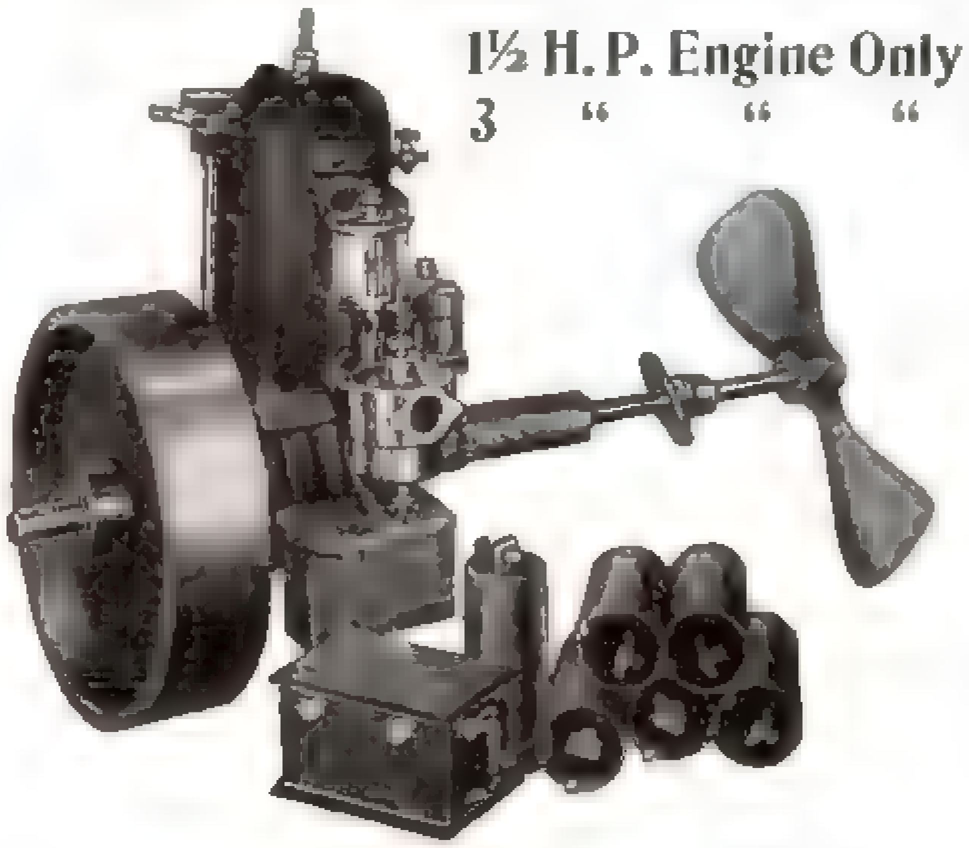

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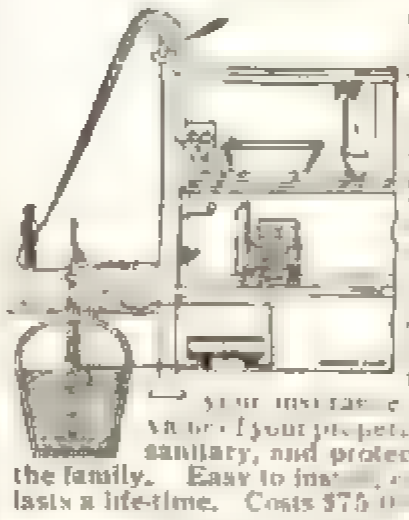

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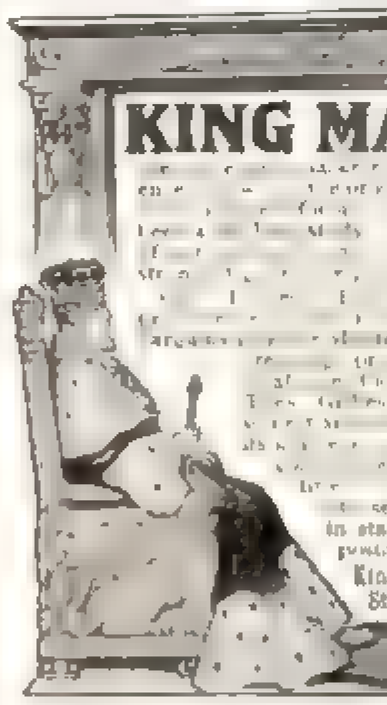

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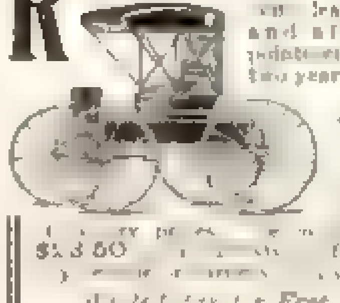

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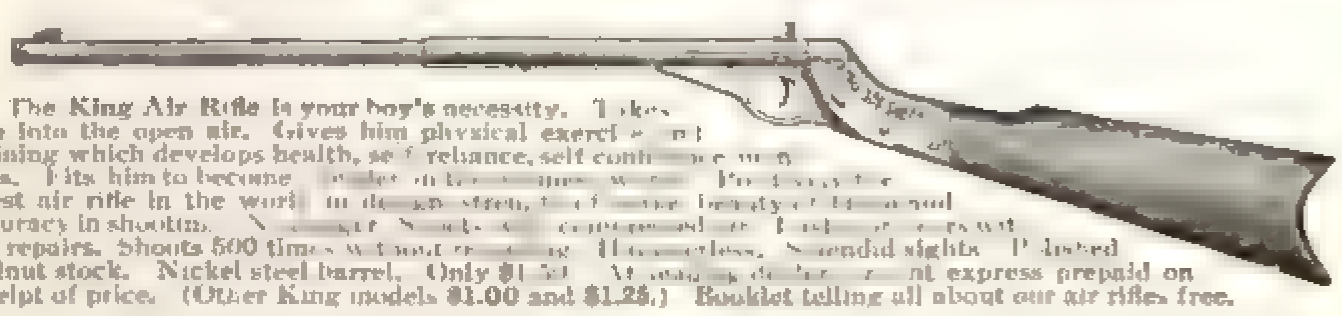

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*Established 1865.*

# JOAQUISTITA

*(Continued from Page 11)*

Fifth and last, the Indians kept no scouts in the desert, and hence would be unlikely to detect my escape should I reach it.

Although I now set them forth in a very few words, it must not be supposed that my plans had not required months of preparation and alteration. For instance, it had taken me four months to get my revolver. It was also necessary to put Dona through a course of regular training which had to be done entirely on the quiet. In addition, my inquiries of the Mexicans as to the direction of the settlements had to be conducted with the greatest care. About two hundred miles to the eastward, I was informed, lay Chihuahua City, but whether northeast, due east or southeast no one seemed to know.

As would naturally be conjectured, I selected the second day of the second corn feast of 1885, which was the twenty-fourth day of October, the day after the voluntary sacrifice of Pextl's daughter. The entire male portion of the nation were in an advanced state of intoxication, which favored my purpose, but it had the disadvantage of their turning up in the most unexpected places. The guards, of course, drank nothing under pain of death.

It was nearly one o'clock on the morning of October 25 before the village fell asleep. Drunken warriors lay everywhere, but the night was fairly dark. Stripping myself naked, I greased my body from the waist, and then made my way to the corral where all the horses and mules were tethered, only a hundred feet or so from the temple. A single sentinel stood with his back to a tall tamarisk, fast asleep. Clearly, it was his life or mine.

I crept up behind him, stepped suddenly round the tree, and plunged my knife with all my force into his breast. It passed through his body and some inches into the tree.

The Indian's head fell forward and a grunt came from his throat; his knees gave way and for a moment the body hung suspended by the knife, then the knife pulled out and he fell to the ground in a heap, dead as a tanner. This is the only life I ever have taken in cold blood, and I believe that in the final account God will charge off this act as one of necessity and fully justified. I now searched among the horses until I found Dona, and selected as well the two best ponies which I saw there (binding the hoofs of all three in sacking filled with grass to deaden their sound), and led them to the edge of the corral where I tethered them together.

Then I retraced my steps to the temple "Okio's House." Feeling my way carefully through the darkness, I finally reached the old wooden god and with much difficulty managed to tear off his loose buckskin coat (being first obliged to rip open one of the sleeves); the leggins gave me less trouble, for I simply unlaced them. I got into Okio's clothes, fastened them as best I could, and then removed his head-dress, which, being all in one piece, I easily tied upon my own head. In the full panoply of a Joaquistitan warrior, save for my long brown beard, I emerged from the temple, found Dona and the ponies, mounted one of them, and started out of the village on the trail to the San Rafael Cañon.

It was what you might call a patchy night. Overhead the clouds hung thick and low, but moving, and now and then opening to let through the stars; the full moon behind the clouds made a sort of luminous darkness. In about two hours I reached the point where the San Rafael enters the mountains, and found myself following a narrow shelf of trail by the brink of the river, which now plunged downward in a series of falls and rapids. The descent was far more dangerous and precipitous than in the Sonora Cañon and was nothing more nor less than a mountain path. But the pony upon which I rode was sure-footed and Dona followed on behind as best she could. Had I seen this ravine by daylight I should never have had the courage to attempt it, but fortune favored me, and by the time the east whitened ahead of me I had dropped several thousand feet toward freedom. Still the trail continued downward, crossing and re-crossing the river, which here became a seething torrent; the scanty growth of the exposed mountainside gave place to heavy timber; the air grew warmer and once more I felt the soft breath of the pines. Then the grade

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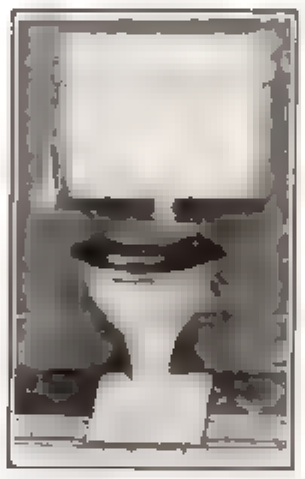

is exemplified in the SY-CLO Closet, the construction and action of which ends at once all the subtle dangers of disease arising from improper cleansing; the escape of sewer gas; the absorption of poison by the material of which common closets are made (iron for instance); and the gradual discoloration of those interior parts which furnish a prolific breeding ground for millions of death-dealing bacilli.

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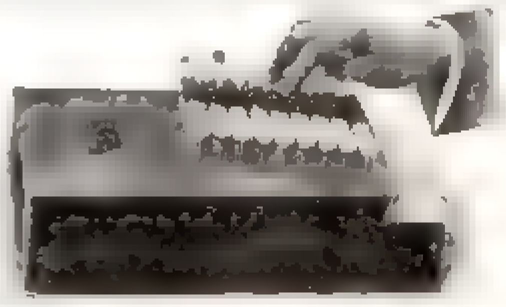

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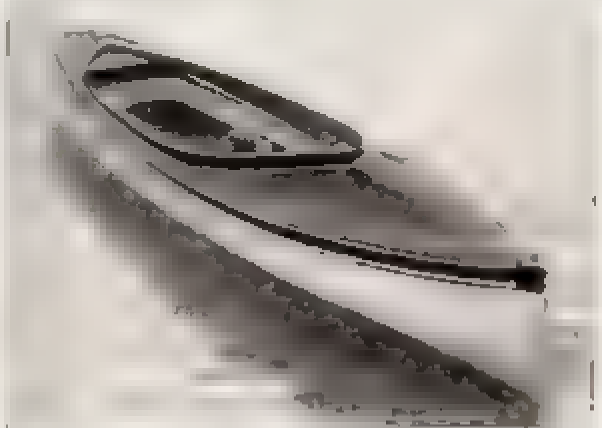

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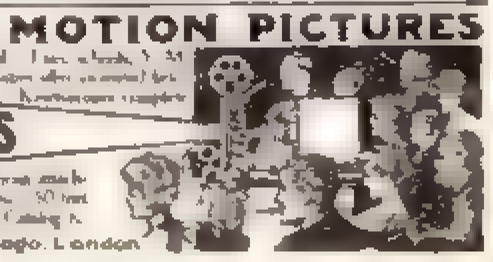

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lessened, the river narrowed, the path widened and plunged into a thick wood, and suddenly I emerged into a wide, grass-covered valley. Behind me the mountains rose sheer five or six thousand feet. The river had entirely disappeared. The sun rose over the plain and turned the porphyry of the Sierra to burnished gold. I looked in vain for the San Rafael or for the ravine by which it had broken through the barrier. The mountains rose smooth and impregnable. I could scarce believe that two hours before I had been imprisoned behind their jagged summits and had escaped as it were by an invisible tunnel. No wonder, I thought, that the Joaquistitans did not fear invasion from the east.

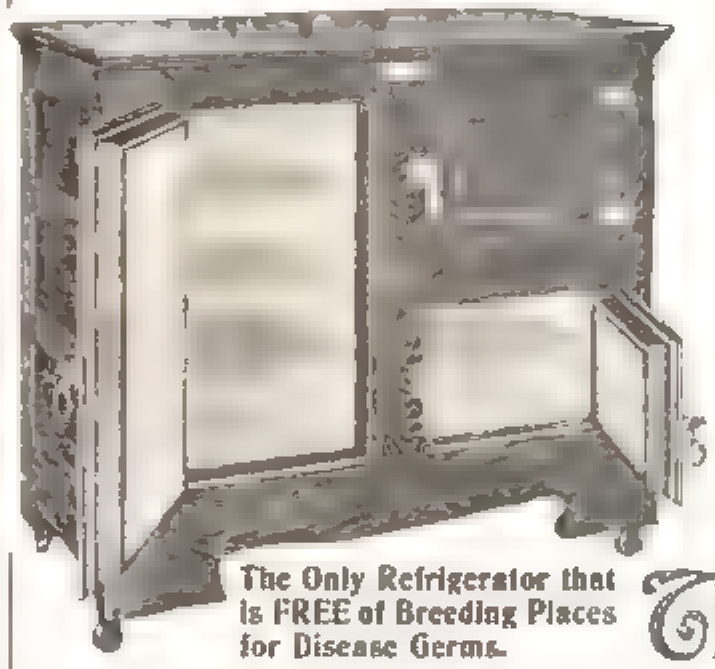
A feeling of security came over me as I started briskly out over the harsh grass of the desert, heading full into the sun. Before me lay the unlimited plain, which I then supposed stretched eastward all the way to Chihuahua, but I had not ridden many miles before a second range of rather low mountains rose before me, and others also on the north and south, which seemed to converge and grow more distinct as I proceeded. In other words, I found myself entirely surrounded by mountains. I could not go back. I had to go on and find a pass through the second barrier as best I could.

Then a feeling of uneasiness came over me. The mountains were all so silent and the plain so devoid of life, and looking back to the dogs'-teeth peaks of the Sierra I saw, rising straight into the air like chimneys, three long columns of blue smoke. My heart jumped into my throat and I spurred on my jaded pony into a trot. My escape had been discovered. What was the meaning of those three ominous pillars of smoke? Was I to be ambushed? In which direction lay my unknown peril—north, east or south? In the awful silence of the desert fear took possession of me. My river had vanished and I could give no water to my suffering animals. What mysterious region was this where even the rivers disappeared to thwart the escape of prisoners and the approach of enemies? I had at best only five hours' start of my pursuers. On I went, trotting and walking my horse by turns until the mountains drew together in a narrow pass, shutting out the view of the Sierra, and the trail, clinging to the sheer side of a precipice, once more rapidly descended.

Suddenly I heard a shout in Mexican of "Throw up your hands!" and a warrior stepped from behind a ledge with his rifle leveled at my breast. Behind him stood a woman with a child in her arms. I threw up my hands. Indeed, I had no option in the matter, and the Indian directed me to give my revolver to the woman. His expression, as he observed me in Okio's festive raiment, was one to be long remembered. I obeyed his instructions by presenting the handle of my Colt to the squaw, but as she reached forward to grasp it, twirled the gun on my thumb (a trick familiar to all miners) and discharged it at my captor. We both fired together. His bullet only ran through my hair and clipped off one of Okio's vermilion feathers, but mine entered his forehead and he fell forward motionless.

The woman uttered no sound, but sank on her knees, and I lost no time in binding her hand and foot. During this time the little one scowled so fiercely at me that it was almost comical. She was a handsome woman, and as I climbed upon my pony's back it occurred to me that in the event of her not being found by my pursuers she would starve to death or perhaps be eaten by wild animals. I therefore leaned over and cut the thongs that bound her with my knife and started on. But in the excitement I had forgotten the rifle, and I had not gone more than fifty yards before a shot whizzed by my ear. The lady had not seen fit to return my courtesy. She continued firing until a jutting rock put me out of range, but fortunately her marksmanship was not very good and none of her shots struck either myself, the ponies or Dona.

The pass ended as suddenly as it had begun. Once more I found myself on the desert—this time with no mountains save behind me. It was now about midday and I felt the heat very keenly, for the temperature on the plateau had always been cool and invigorating. The pony was giving signs of exhaustion and kept stumbling. I could show him no mercy, and ten miles farther he sank down with a groan, unable to rise. I changed my mount and kept on for about fifteen miles



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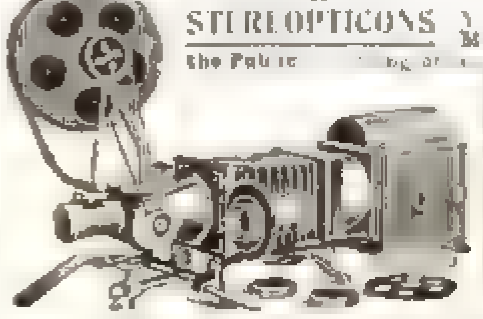

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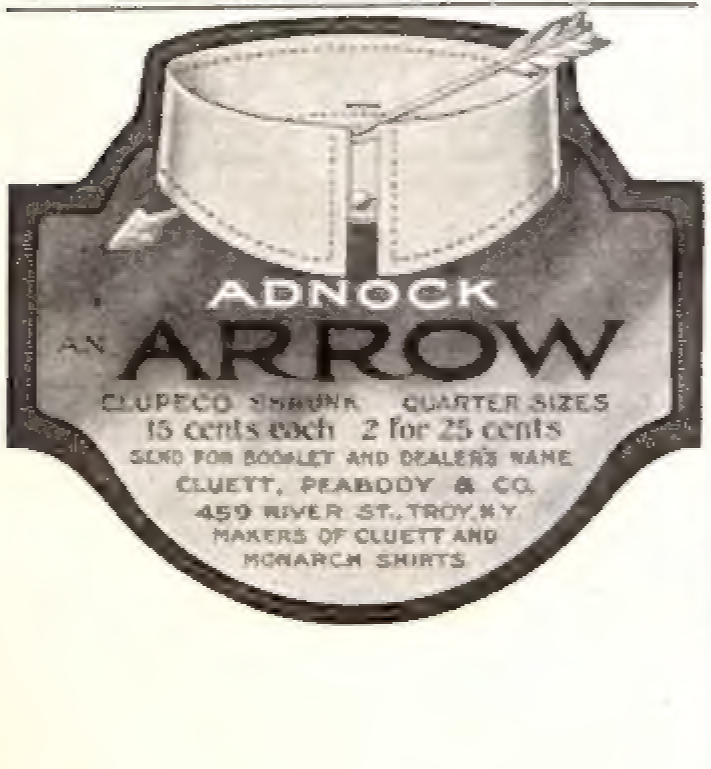

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more, when in the same manner as the first the second pony collapsed.

It was now about five in the afternoon; the sun was sinking low over the burning ridge of the Sierra, and, as I looked back over the foothills toward the pass where I had shot the Indian, I could see dust hanging low over the horizon, the dust of pursuing horsemen. They could not have been more than twenty miles behind, but I had still one comparatively fresh horse, and I sprang upon Dona's back.

By sunset I could no longer see any dust behind me, and I rested Dona for a while and then continued for about ten miles more, when I decided to rest. We were both suffering acutely from thirst, but I stumbled upon a bunch of cactus in the starlight, and trampling it down cut it open and into slices with my knife and fed it to the mare as well as taking some myself. Then I lay down beside her and slept until midnight, when I awoke burning with thirst.

Once more I climbed wearily upon Dona's back and we staggered on across the plain. The east paled, whitened, grew fiery red like a furnace and the sun rose like a ball of fire. I no longer knew in which direction I was going. I hung in the saddle, swaying from side to side, hearing strange voices. The plain wheeled round me in slow, revolving circles, and the sun, as it rose higher, swung across the sky like a pendulum. I must have become unconscious, for I came to myself lying face down in a puddle in the grass. The damp smell of the wet, soggy earth revived me like ammonia. Dona was standing up to her belly in a pool of clear, fresh water, drinking, and snorting with delight. She had found a water-hole.

I crawled to the edge and bathed my head and drank a little. No one will ever know my joy at that moment. Then I took off Okio's suit, laid the head-dress on the bank, and rolled in the refreshing water. I concluded that the hole was due to some subterranean stream, possibly the San Rafael. The sun was still high and we lay here in the tall grass until about four in the afternoon, during which time I came upon a wild turkey sitting upon the edge of another small hole near by. The bird did not seem in the least disturbed by my approach, and I succeeded in getting near enough to shoot it in the head with my revolver. Then I built a fire of dry grass and stubs, and, plastering the blue mud of the water-hole all over the turkey, put it on the coals and heaped the fire upon it. That was the grandest feast that ever I had.

Extraordinarily refreshed, Dona and I made some thirty-five miles before ten o'clock that evening, when we found some more cactus and went into camp until about six the next morning. We awoke to find ourselves in an undulating pasture land, partially wooded, and I knew we had passed the desert. We had made about fifteen more miles when I was again halted by the words "Hands up!" and a Mexican sprang from behind a boulder in front of me.

"Do not shoot!" I cried in Mexican. "I am not an Indian, but an escaped prisoner."

The Mexican approached with leveled rifle, satisfied himself that what I said was true, and informed me that he belonged to the band of Crococupio, otherwise known as "Red Dick," a well-known Mexican outlaw. As I knew that any one who had escaped from Indians was regarded almost as sacred I accepted his invitation to accompany him to his camp, where Crococupio received me kindly.

By Sunday I got to Nombre de Dios. People were coming out of the church. Finding that I was an escaped prisoner, they crowded around, overwhelming me with questions as to relatives and comrades who at one time or another had been captured by "the Indians from the Sierra." In several instances I was able to assure them that the persons for whom they inquired were still alive, though in captivity in the mines of Joaquistita. I had stopped Dona just in front of the church and I was still arrayed in Okio's damaged garments. In the midst of it all the door of the church opened and the old priest came out and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving for my escape while the people all sank upon their knees. They then escorted me to the house of Pedro Gomez, one of their leading men, where I again recounted my adventures and partook of his midday meal, after which I slept for a short time and then rode on to Chihuahua City.

As the strain of my long journey had caused my wound again to trouble me, I rode immediately to the Railroad Hospital, where the doctors received me kindly and

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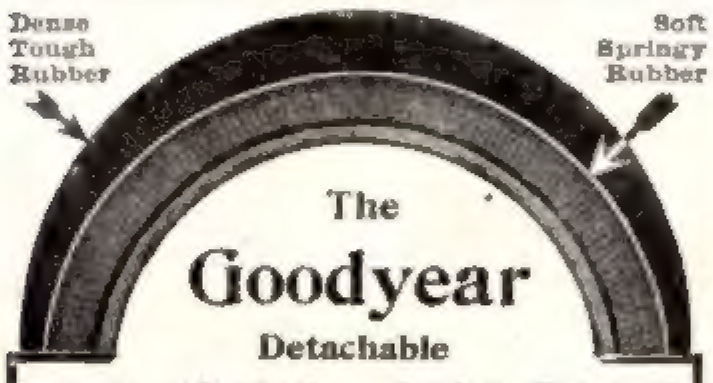

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did all in their power to relieve my pain, with such success that in a week I was able to go by rail to El Paso and thence to St. Louis. Here I stopped for a few days to rest my wound, and by chance met Pawnee Bill, an old friend of mine, to whom, at his request, I presented Okio's suit. I then returned to New York and went at once to Fishkill.

My parents were overjoyed to see me again, for the massacre of our party had become known in September, 1884, when J. B. Seavey, a well-known miner, had found the remains of my nine comrades in the Sonora Cañon, and in addition a newly-made grave, which seemed to account for our entire party.

As I go over these happenings of twenty years ago, amid the bustle and noise of New York City, they seem even stranger than they did at the very time, but in the early eighties my name was a not unfamiliar one in the West and our expedition had attracted some attention, so that the news of its complete extermination had been telegraphed all over the country. I have before me now a copy of Harper's Weekly for October 11, 1884, which bears upon its cover a full-page illustration depicting myself and comrades being massacred in the Sierra Madre, together with a poem describing the ghastly horrors of my death. In addition I have many clippings from other papers to the same effect. After a short trip to Mexico for the purpose of settling up what affairs I had there, I returned to New York, and, tired of wandering and adventure, joined the New York police in 1886. Next year I shall have served twenty years and have become entitled to an honorable discharge and a pension. I intend to organize a party to return to the Sierra Madre via Chihuahua, to locate, if I can, the Aztec town of Joaquistita, which was for sixteen months my home.

## Humors of Yellow Journalism

*(Concluded from Page 2)*

Indignant people frequently break cameras and attempt to chastise the photographers. Neither of these incidents feazes them. They get new cameras and know how to use their fists a bit themselves. A drubbing is part of the day's work if it comes, but, usually, people are chary about attempting to assault newspaper representatives. Those charming pictures—accentuating his physical characteristics—of J. Pierpont Morgan "getting into his cab" and doing other commonplace things are snapshots at that distinguished but unamiable financier. Every one of them makes him look like a gargoyle. There are some wise men who stand still and take it. These get into the papers looking somewhat like themselves.

There is one unbreakable yellow rule about pictures: "Never print a picture of an ugly woman. If she is ugly, make her pretty." No matter what sort of a painted ruin is concerned in a scandal, no matter how plain is the poor, but honest, working-girl left a million dollars by the man to whom she spoke pleasantly over the telephone, they are always in the paper as "beautiful," and the artist supplies what Nature forgot. Take it from the yellows and there isn't an ugly woman in the news. Take it from the reporters and there are very few pretty ones. That makes no difference to the yellow editor: "Make 'em all pretty." And they are all pretty in the paper. A favorite diversion was to print reproductions of miniatures of great society ladies. Miniature artists always do their best with their subjects. There are wrinkled old crones in society in New York and elsewhere whose only newspaper portraits are miniatures painted when they were buds.

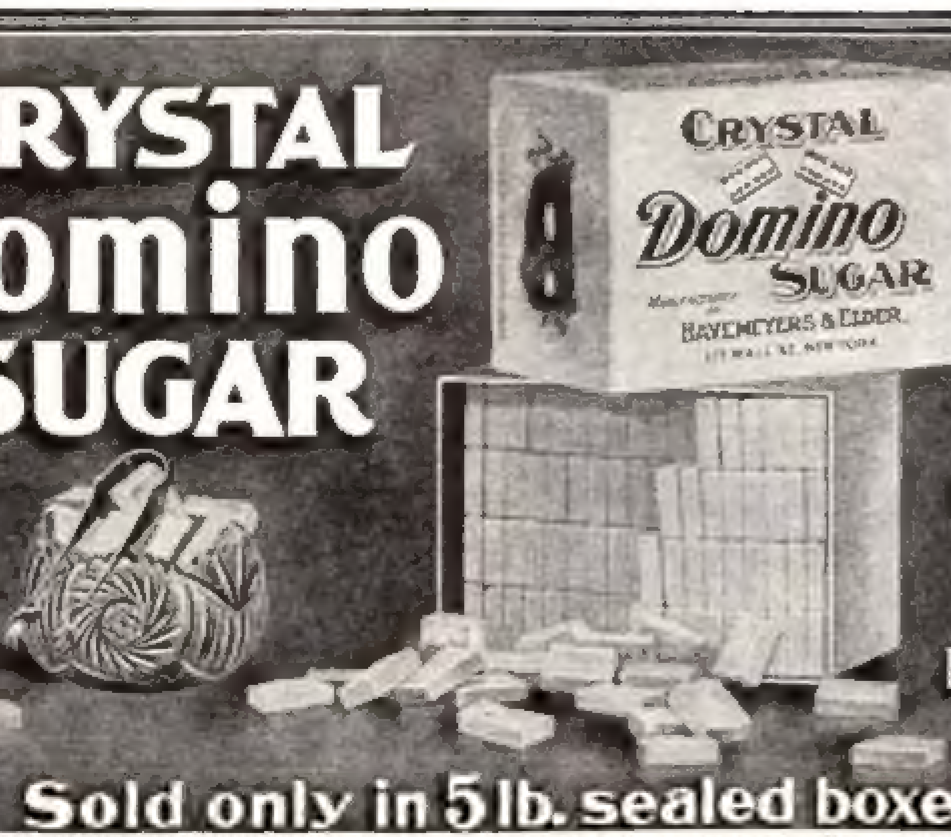
One of the yellows printed a story of the mysterious death of a girl one afternoon. A beautiful picture went with it. Next day the girl named in the story and, presumably, depicted in the cut, came around to the office. She saw the editor.

"I want to protest against that," she said, pointing to the article and the picture.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the editor.

"Well, it's about me and I am not dead and that is not my picture."

"My dear, young lady," said the editor, "if that is the case what difference does it make?"



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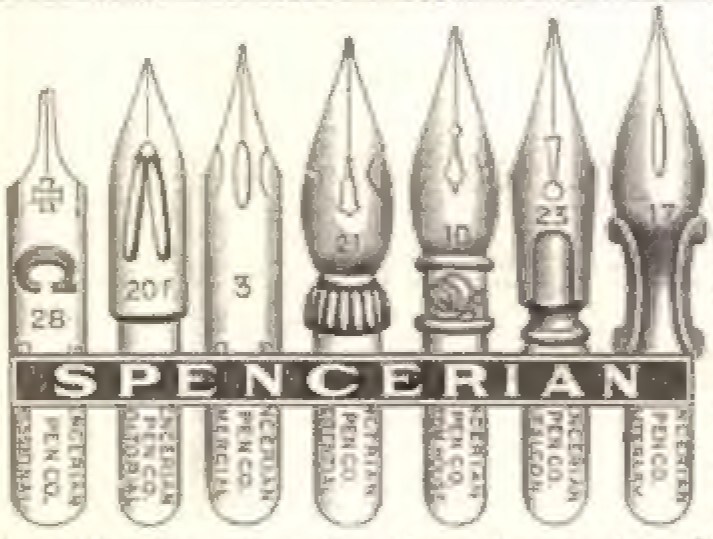

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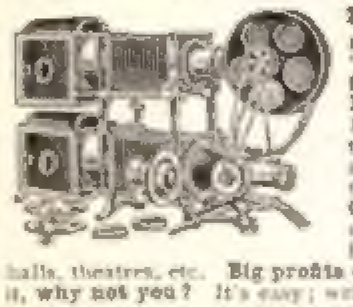

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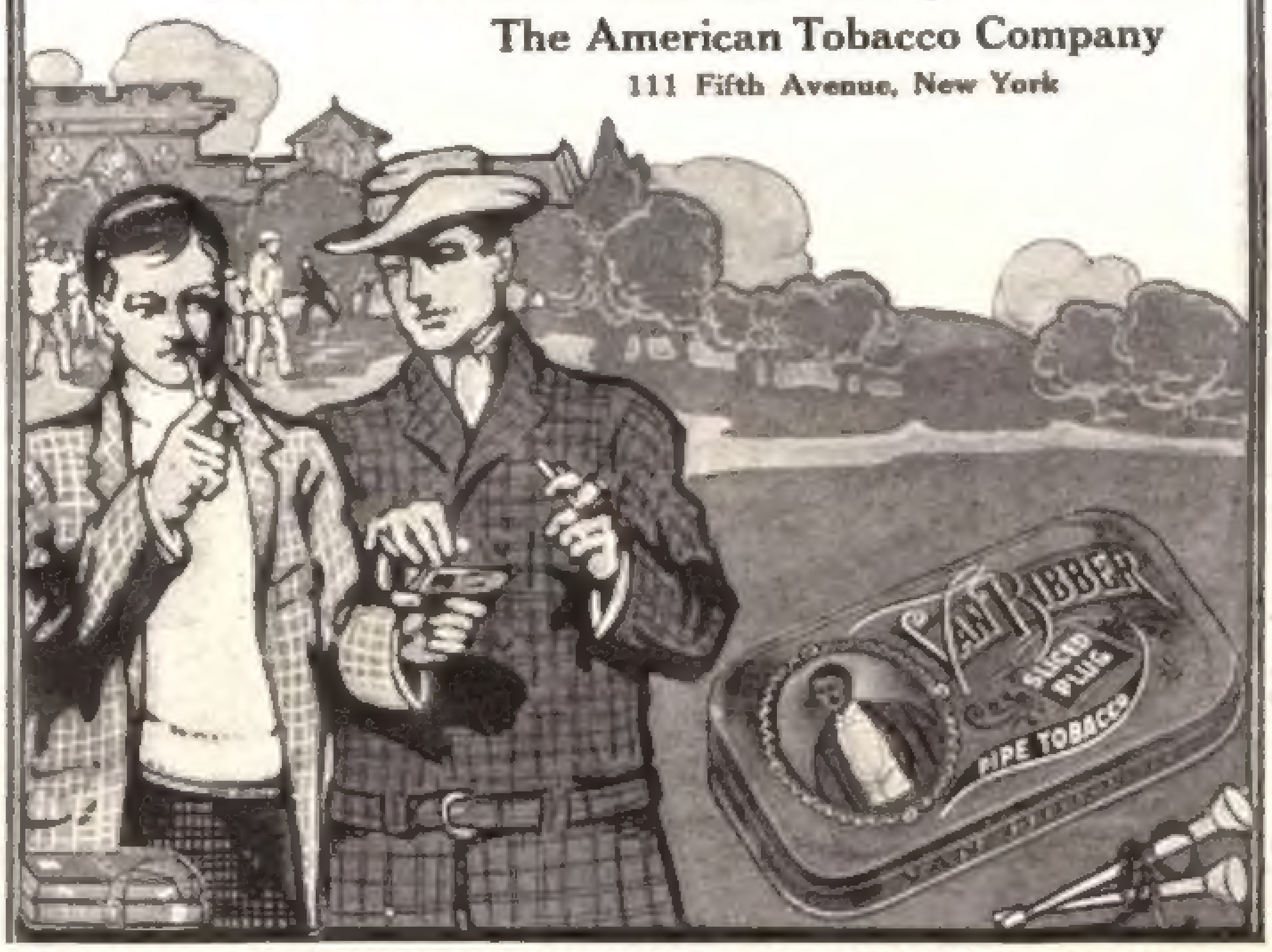

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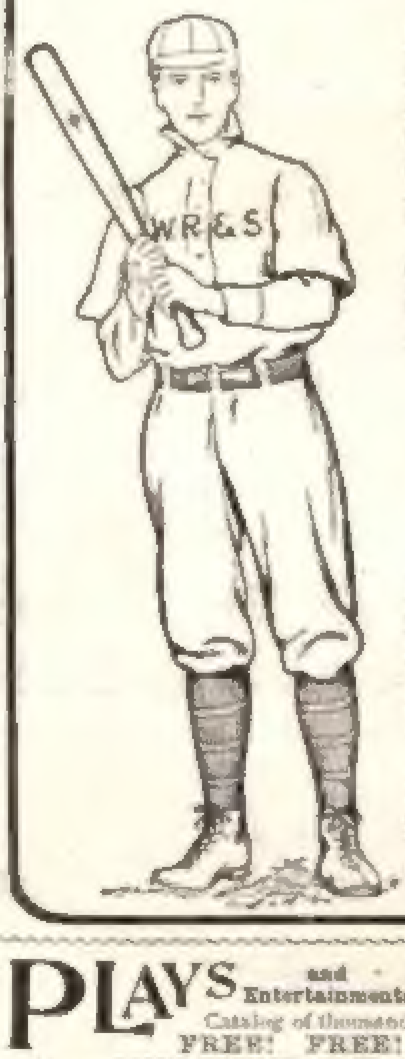

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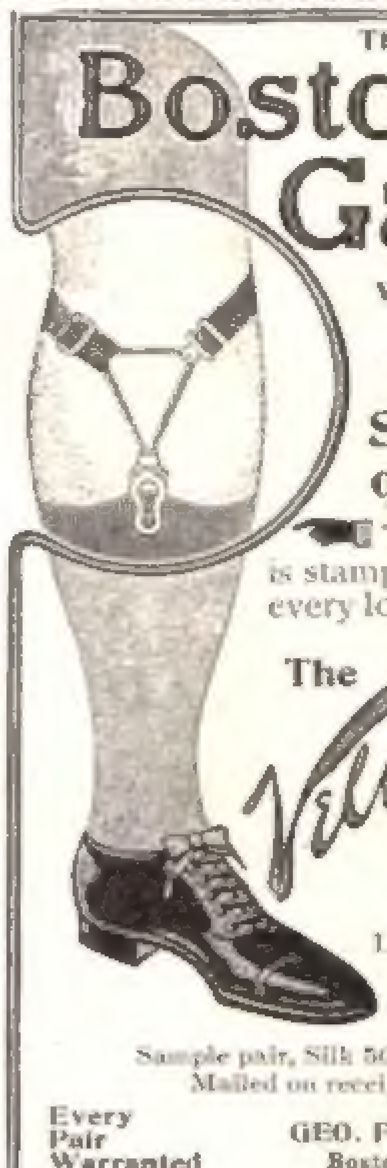

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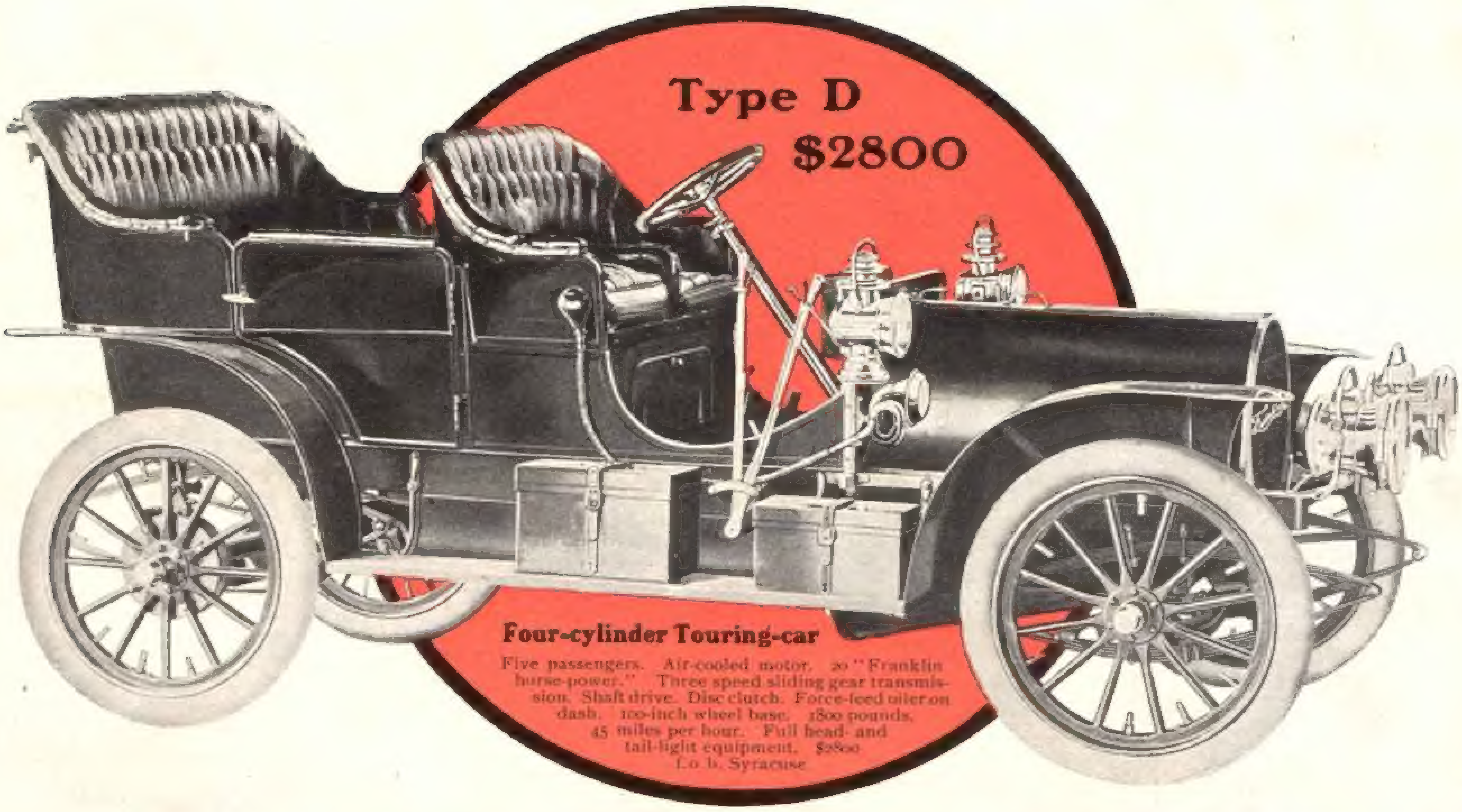

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